

SEYMORE DAILY REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME XXX NO. 45

SEYMORE, INDIANA, MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1911.

PRICE TWO CENTS

ELECT OFFICERS FOR COMING YEAR

Fred Miller Chosen President of Jackson County Farmers' Institute.

PREMIUMS ARE ANNOUNCED

Resolutions are Adopted Favoring Appropriation From General Funds of County.

At the closing session of the Jackson county farmers' institute Saturday afternoon resolutions were adopted recommending that the present legislature enact a law whereby the expenses of the different institutes be met by an appropriation from the general fund of the county, and also that the public schools be dismissed during the sessions of the institute and that the pupils accompanied by their teachers attend the meetings.

The session of the institute was largely attended, and the total attendance of the different meetings of the county institute will exceed that of last year when over five thousand were recorded in attendance. The total attendance in Seymour was almost 2,500.

At the Saturday afternoon session J. A. Driscoll, of Liberty gave another excellent address taking for his subject, "Farming-Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." He showed very clearly the advancement which had been made in the past few years, and that agriculture had really become a science. He pointed out that the best results could only be obtained through careful and accurate work and study, and by adopting the methods which were best suitable for the soil. His address, like the others which he gave was well received and greatly appreciated.

Miss L. Matthews, of Cambridge City, gave an excellent address upon "Green Vegetables-Their Preparation of Use." Following her lecture was a musical selection by Albert Pfaffenberger. The meeting closed with lectures by W. C. Daily and Miss Matthews upon "Corn Scoring and Bread Scoring."

Before the meeting closed the following officers were elected:

County Chairman—Fred E. Miller.

Secretary and Treasurer—G. C. Vehslage.

TOWNSHIP CHAIRMEN.

Driftwood—Wm. Gossman.

Grassy Fork—Jacob Jordan.

Carr—F. J. Holmes.

Jackson—Edward Schneek.

Redding—George Short.

Hamilton—George D. Bennett.

Washington—J. Milton Johnson.

Owen—J. R. Bower, Jr.

Vernon—C. A. Weisman.

Salt Creek—Meedy Lutes.

Brownstown—J. A. Wayman, Jr.

The retiring officers desire to thank the merchants and the citizens of the Seymour for their aid and support given the institute and assure them that their efforts to make the meetings a success are appreciated.

The resolution adopted follows:

That we as farmers and farmers' wives re-affirm our faith in our profession, and in the progress we have made in our homes on our farms, and

in the steady growth and interest of our annual farm institute.

We desire to thank the people of Seymour, Brownstown, Medora, Kurtz and Crothersville and the surrounding community, for their interest and assistance, and the general welcome extended.

To the business men and others who contributed premiums for the excellent displays, at the different places where the meetings were held.

To the musicians and local speakers who assisted in carrying out the excellent programs, and, lastly to the officers who contributed so much of their time for the success of the meetings held during the past year.

Resolved: That it would be of great advantage to the future interest of agriculture, and the advancement of community interest generally, that the public schools be dismissed and attend the sessions, the pupils accompanied by their teachers, and the teachers and pupils get the same credit for the day as though in attendance at school, when such meetings occur on school days.

Resolved: That we recommend that the present legislature enact a law whereby the expenses of the Farmers' Institute be met by an appropriation from the general fund of the county.

PREMIUMS AWARDED.

Many Excellent Exhibits Entered at The Farmers' Institute.

Although the list of exhibits was not as large this year as last in many of the classes, the entries were of a high grade and highly commended by the judges and visitors who examined them. In many cases it was difficult to select the winners as all the entries were near the standard.

Following are the premiums as awarded:

CLASS A

1. Best home made cheese, Mrs. Frank Heideman.
2. Best pound honey, Wm. Dailey.
3. Heaviest dozen eggs, Mrs. Asa Reinhart.
4. Best pound butter, Mrs. Geo. E. Kasting.
5. 2nd best pound butter, Mary Hackman.
6. Best dozen eggs, Augusta Beikman.

CLASS B

15. Best Yeast bread, Mrs. Augusta Beikman.
16. Best salt rising bread, Grace Durham.
16. 2nd. Best salt rising bread, Mary Waskom.
17. Best Mince Pie, Mrs. L. W. Jones.
18. Best doughnuts, Mrs. J. G. Pfaffenberger.
19. Best fruit cake, Mrs. Steven Enos.
20. Best cake, Mrs. Frank Whitson.
21. Best cookies, Mrs. Tip Shields.
22. Best three kinds pies, Mrs. L. W. Jones.
22. 2nd best three kinds pies, Ellen Hassenzahl.

CLASS C

31. Best quart quince preserves, Mrs. Henry Beyer.
32. Best can peaches, Mrs. Henry Crittenden.
33. Best can cherries, Esther Schneek.
33. 2nd best can cherries, Mrs. Gusta Schlensmeyer.
34. Best quart pickles, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.
34. 2nd best quart pickles, Grace Durham.
35. Best display canned fruit, Miss Elisha Spray.
36. Best Blackberry jelly, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

CLASS D

37. Best apple jelly, Mrs. Henry Beikman.
39. Best can pickled pears, Mrs. Henry Beikman.
39. 2nd best can pickled pears, Miss J. U. Montgomery.

CLASS E

40. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.
40. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

CLASS F

41. Best 2 or more cans pickled peaches, Mrs. Alma Perkins.
42. Best can Blackberries, Louis Rump.
42. 2nd best can Blackberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

CLASS G

51. Best 10 ears white corn, Walter Hackman.
51. 2nd best 10 ears white corn, Gustave Hackman.
51. 3rd best 10 ears white corn, O. E. Carter.
52. Best 10 ears yellow corn, Frank Dailey.
52. 2nd best 10 ears yellow corn, Robert White.
52. 3rd best 10 ears yellow corn, A. H. Mitschke.
53. Best bushel wheat, John F. Schepman.
53. 2nd best bushel wheat, Henry Schleeter.
53. 3rd best bushel wheat, E. M. Ringer.
54. Best peck red clover seed, Henry Beikman.
55. Largest ear corn, Fred Vonodelingen.
55. 2nd largest ear corn, Charles Luckey.
56. Best ear white corn, Charles Luckey.
56. 2nd best ear white corn, Charles Schneek.
58. Best ½ bushel oats, W. C. Dailey.
60. Best peck rice popcorn, Will Phillips.
60. 2nd best peck rice popcorn, J. T. Shields.
64. Best peck popcorn, Louis Rump.
61. Largest ear white corn, Charles Luckey.
62. Best display farm produce, Louis Rump.
62. 2nd best display farm produce, Will Phillips.
63. Best ½ bushel rye, Geo. C. Baker.
63. 2nd best one-half bushel rye, Will Phillips.
65. Longest ear yellow corn, Wm. Gossman.

CLASS N

81. Best drawn work, Mary Schmidt.
81. 2nd best drawn work, Wm. Wischmeyer.

CLASS O

82. Best tatting, Grace Durham.
83. Best table cover, Mrs. Powers Moore.
84. Best plain needlework, Eva Hunter.

CLASS P

85. Best cushion, Emma Smith.
85. 2nd best cushion, Ruth Hunter.
86. Eyelet embroidery, Catherine Hauenschild.

CLASS Q

87. Best silk quilt, Sarah Shields.
88. Best quilt made by country lady, Mrs. Tip Shields.

CLASS R

89. Best embroidery sofa pillow, Anna Wible.
90. Oldest man

CLASS S

71. Best ½ peck apples, Edwin W. Schneek.
71. 2nd best ½ peck apples, Geo. D. Bennett.

CLASS T

72. Largest apple, O. E. Carter.
73. Best dozen Grimes Golden, Berdans, Roman Beauty apples, Edw. W. Schneek.

CLASS U

101. Best hand tobacco, Melvin Walker.
102. Best Irish potatoes, Robert

36. 2nd best Blackberry jelly, Mrs. Mazy Sutton.

37. Best apple jelly, Mrs. Henry Beikman.

39. Best can pickled pears, Mrs. Henry Beikman.

39. 2nd best can pickled pears, Miss J. U. Montgomery.

40. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

40. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

41. Best 2 or more cans pickled peaches, Mrs. Alma Perkins.

42. Best can Blackberries, Louis Rump.

42. 2nd best can Blackberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

43. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

43. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

44. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

44. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

45. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

45. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

46. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

46. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

47. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

47. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

48. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

48. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

49. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

49. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

50. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

50. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

51. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

51. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

52. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

52. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

53. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

53. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

54. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

54. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

55. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

55. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

56. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

56. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

57. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

57. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

58. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

58. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

59. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

59. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

60. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

60. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

61. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

61. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

62. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

62. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

63. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

63. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

64. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

64. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

65. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

65. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

66. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

66. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

67. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

67. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

68. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

68. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

69. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

69. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

70. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

70. 2nd best can strawberries, Mrs. J. P. Ahl.

71. Best can strawberries, Mrs. Samuel Newby.

Modern Homes

Most Rooms
Very Low and
Quite Small

By MARGARET BATESON



THREE-QUARTERS of a century ago it was the ambition of every prosperous citizen to build himself a house. His dining table, the altar of ceremonious hospitality, gave two dozen people ample space to dine and gesticulate around its polished spread of mahogany. At expansive moments toward the end of the feast some small child elaborately dressed and curled would be placed on the table and invited to make her way along with the decanters to the other end without upsetting the dishes of dessert. And there was space for the performance of the feat.

These houses really held things. There were immense pictures, of rich dark oils, in the dining room, and fine unfettered expanses of water colors in the drawing room. There was not only that great table with many leaves dedicated to eating; but in all the sitting rooms there would be ever so many fine, spacious solid tables on which work could be done and things could be laid.

The people who could now be living in big houses have packed themselves into small ones, and I believe they will discover one of these days that they have lost a good deal by the change. They have lost more than a certain number of feet of space; they have lost the effect upon the mind and character that a spacious life gives. We all know that people living on moors and prairies have as a rule a certain dignity that people who are much crowded lack. What the large farm or homestead does for the countryman as compared with the oft crowded villager, that the stately town house does for its inhabitants and especially for children and young people.

It makes the human being feel small by comparison with his surroundings, as the heavens and the ocean make him seem small. But it does not make him feel cheap and superfluous. The petty diminutive abode says daily to its owner: "Make haste; get out. Your room, little as it is, is wanted for others."

But all this community of house room proved at last too trying. Give me a place to myself, however small, was the cry that went up from sons and daughters, sisters and brothers, and even from parents, wearied with the noise of the family breakfast table and the personalities and occasional quarrels of the domestic board.

The cry has been answered by builders and hotel keepers. We have place to ourselves, and small they are. We have diminutive flats with reception rooms that just receive a tottering little table and nothing else. We dine at a table which accommodates a baby cruel almost under protest. The narrow beds in our little bedrooms have sides but no middle. There are no more fine pictures, only a quantity of photographs perilously edged against a narrow slat of wood.

And worst of all, there is not a decent table at which a person can sit with books and work at it. A drawing room may look prettier since the abolition from it of all sensible tables. But it is much less habitable. It is small wonder that people nowadays try continually to curtail the time after dinner. It is because there is nothing one can do in a drawing room. At best somebody plays the violin or sings; at worst the pianola is set going.

The poet who wished for "an hour of crowded life" should try living now. On the score of crowdedness, if not of life, he would be well content.



Some People Unable to Show Grief

By COL. HUGH BRAINARD
New Orleans

and in saying this I risk being called an inhuman wretch, a monster and other complimentary terms.

The reason I am inclined to mirth is twofold. First, I am naturally light of heart, and, second, there is nothing in unreal wretchedness that influences my emotions.

The fictitious grief of the stage does not touch me a little bit, for I know the portrayer of the woe is only feigning.

Here's another point: Will these good folk who cry their eyes out over a putup job of misery be equally as quick to dissolve in tears should they perchance run into the real article?

I often wonder if the weepers in theaters are as readily touched by everyday manifestations of sure-enough suffering?

A nation-wide agitation is being carried on in favor of a proper observance of the six-day working week, and every man and woman who works six days of the week should join in advocating a complete day of rest without any strings tied to it.

It is not a religious matter and there need be no differences of opinion.

Ministers of all denominations are outspoken in favor of a closed Sunday, and only recently in Emporia, Kan., the ministers there declared in favor of Uncle Sam's taking the initiative by refusing to deliver mail at the postoffice on Sunday.

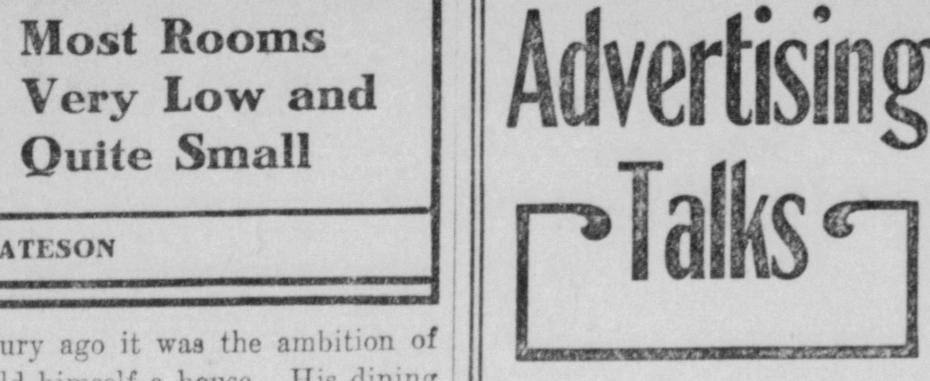
The postoffice department is ever ready and willing to please all of the people all of the time, if possible, and it is to please the people that the department serves them on Sunday, and if it please the people the office will remain closed on Sunday.

So it is up to the people. Those who are not employed on Sunday and who demand their right—a right to rest one day in seven—should not expect to receive their mail on Sunday.

Very simple! Do as you would be done by.

Six-Day Working Week for All People

By J. J. MAHONEY
Chicago



KEEP AT IT, SAYS CHALMERS

Business Success Depends on Consistency and Thoroughness and Eye to Future.

Hugh Chalmers of Detroit, the man who quit a \$72,000 a year job to enter the advertising manufacturing business and made good, told the Omaha Ad club at a banquet in that city the other evening of "The Principles of Business Success."

"It is easier to make goods than to sell them," said Mr. Chalmers, so far as his mind was concerned, are involved in successful salesmanship. Advertising and the personality of the salesman were the two points emphasized.

"Advertising and publicity are the two greatest builders of confidence known to the business man," he said. "A salesman can talk to only one or two people at the same time, so it might properly be said that salesmanship applies only to the individual, while advertising reaches the public as well, because by advertising you can reach hundreds and thousands and millions of people, while the salesman can reach only one or two at a time.

"Keep everlastingly at it. If I were dead sure that we had all our 1910 output sold and clear up to 1912, I would not spend a dollar less in advertising. My being in business is not confined only to the time up to 1912, and I am a firm believer in keeping oversold. You have to deal with human nature, and it has always wanted and always will want those things which are hardest to get.

"You shut off the source of supply when you stop advertising. You must send the best possible appeal to a million minds and you must keep on appealing."

As for the salesman, Mr. Chalmers said the first essential was health, and the others, honesty, initiative, thorough knowledge of his business, tact, industry, sincerity, a mind receptive to suggestion, and enthusiasm.

"One thing has always helped me in my business," Mr. Chalmers said in closing. "I make it a point to keep before me the ten most important things I have to do. Every morning my stenographer has on my desk the ten most important things which I must attend to."

HOW HOMER ARRIVED.

When Homer first set out to write, His modesty was such, That, though his stuff was pretty good, It never caught on much. Until one day a friend remarked: "Old man, if you are wise, You'll drop this shrinking violet style And start to advertise."

He took the tip. . . . The Argos Mail Next week came out with this:

*OLYMPIC GAMES.
WHAT HOMER THINKS.
EXCLUSIVE CHAT. (DON'T MISS.)*

He gave his views on every point That vexed the Grecian mind: His name each morning in the press You never failed to find.

When the Odyssey appeared, It sold like anything. The Spartan serial rights brought in The ransom of a king. And Homer, fingering his cheeks, Went out and slew. It's said, Two oxen to the God of Booms Before he went to bed.

—London Globe.

The Advertising Argument.

Argumentative advertising produces the largest volume in the total of a year's business, provided the distribution of the article advertised has been thoroughly made.

Let the argument be as strong and conclusive as possible, using illustrations, whenever in good taste.

Selling goods by advertising is dependent on your ability to influence the judgment of the reader in your favor; and, to do this successfully, the reader must feel that he has full opportunity for the exercise of his own judgment, even though his decision has unconsciously been brought about by the persuasive and logical character of your advertisement.—Frank A. Arnold in Suburban Life.

Advertising That Pays.

It is almost invariably the case that an advertiser will come back to the newspaper after he has tried every other medium. From the smallest to the greatest, the advertisers are finding out that the newspaper which goes into the home day after day and becomes in reality a member of the household, is the only medium which reaches and catches the attention of all classes.

A good ad makes the best salesman.

Narrow-Minded Policy.

Here's a merchant who says, the moment his sales percentage stumbles: "I must cut down my advertising."

Would this same merchant take in his sign the moment it begins to rain?

THE RETAILER'S LIMITED POSSIBILITIES.

BY GEORGE S. BANTA, B.

Many a retail business today is merely keeping the proprietor out of the poor house. He turns his stock of dry goods, or his groceries, or his hardware, once or twice in the course of the year. He pays for his goods after his customers have paid him for them. While he bought at a high price he sells at a very narrow margin of profit and as the years go by he finds that he is working himself out and gradually is getting together enough so that he may be able to live a few years, of his old age, without work—on what he has "laid up."

The whole difficulty with the modern retail business is in the small profits made. This must always be so because retailing is primarily a competitive business. No man can have a "snap" in it because others are always ready to step in and, if his margin of profit on any particular goods looks tempting, probably sell more cheaply.

The only way to get rich (of course we are all above such a base ambition) in the retail business today is to multiply sales. The profits, as pointed out, can never be great on individual sales and the whole secret of success must lie in buying at rock bottom prices and then making numerous sales so that in the aggregate the day's business will show something worth while. And this is the point where advertising comes in. Your competitor cannot reach your advertising because that is a part of your business personality. He may sell the identical goods that you keep, yet advertising enables you to reach and make many customers, who, but for the force applied in this way would never buy the article you sell at all or else would buy it of some one else.

Look at the wonderful advertising done by modern department stores. What seems often like lavish waste is spent on advertising little notions and articles which have only a very small profit in them for the merchant. Yet the department store man is one of the few retailers who is really making money today and if you took his advertising away from him you would deprive him of his Midas touch.

NEWSPAPER AS A SALESMAN

Modern Method of Shoppers Is to Scrutinize Advertising Before Leaving Home.

The majority of retail store customers, before starting out on shopping forays, study the newspaper advertising. This habit is a great time-saver. The shopper escapes fruitless visits to many stores, and needless bothering of clerks, by learning in advance where she is likely to find what she wants. She gives very little attention to the places that fail to inform her as to their offerings. Many women, too, having become personally acquainted with the store people dislike to enter their places of business unless they feel fairly sure of buying. They avoid this embarrassment by learning in advance through the newspaper where they can probably supply their needs.

Thus it is that many sales are practically made before the buyer leaves her home. It has been proved over and over again, that the trade will pass stores with a main street location that fail to advertise, to hunt up poorly located shops on back streets that are well advertised. A merchant might as well close his shutters in business hours as to fail to meet his competitors in the field where they are doing the heart of their business—the newspaper advertisement.

The surest way to commit business suicide is to cut down expenses by cutting down your advertising.

Newspaper Advertising Best.

The latest organization of business men to discover that the newspaper is the greatest of all advertising mediums is the Ohio Retail Shoe Dealers' association. A Springfield, Ohio, dispatch, giving an account of the recent meeting of this organization, says among other things:

"Newspaper advertising was declared to be the best trade-bringing medium for the trade in a resolution adopted by the Ohio Retail Shoe Dealers' association, which closed its annual convention here today.

"Many of the members stated that they had tried other forms of advertising, but that the results from newspapers overshadowed all other kinds."—Birmingham News.

Truth in Verse.

"Just a card" is all you care for—Hidden, lame, and unread, Like the sign upon a tombstone Telling folks that you are dead. Wake up, man, and take a tonic, Bunch your hits and make a drive. Run a page, and change your copy. Advertise and keep alive!

RECORD PRICE FOR MEAL

Senater McCumber of North Dakota White Touring State Is "Held Up."

Senator McCumber of North Dakota had a dinner at the home of one of his rural constituents last fall which was costly, relates the Washington Times.

It consisted of boiled potatoes, bread and Arbuckle's best coffee. The senator and his secretary indulged in and were glad to get it. But before they had got through it had separated the senator from \$21.

Mr. McCumber and his secretary were touring the state in a motor car, fixing up such political fences as appeared to be in need of repair. On this occasion the machine got stuck out on the prairie.

The senator and secretary went to the nearest farmhouse and while the machine was being pried loose dinner time came. They were invited to have dinner and accepted. Dinner consisted of the menu as stated. It is not the custom of North Dakota folks to take money for a meal, and so the senator handed a dollar bill to the small boy of the family. The small boy had no scruples about accepting it and did so.

Then the visitors went outside the house and were contemplating the continuation of their journey when the farmer pointed out near at hand a small church which had, he said, just been built. The debt incurred rested heavily on the shoulders of the meager congregation. He suggested that if the senator felt inclined any small contribution would be thankfully received.

"Of course, I'll be glad to," said the senator, reaching for his roll.

The senator expected to give some small amount, as a five, but when he scanned his supply of currency he found he had nothing but twenties. He could do nothing else under the circumstances than peel off one of the yellow backs. The farmer accepted it with thanks and the senator climbed into his motor car, lost in contemplation of the banquet he had just attended at \$10.50 a plate.

SQUAW KEEPS LONG VIGIL

Indian Brave's Helpmeet Watched Three Days and Two Nights Without Food or Water.

To remain for three days and two nights on the desert keeping weird vigil beside her dead was the pathetic lot of Ullala Boniface, whose brave was accidentally killed by the discharge of a shotgun. The accident occurred far out on the desert. Miners, attracted by the squaw's wailing, found her standing beside the body, her two small children asleep near by.

A long ride was made to the nearest telephone point and Coronel C. D. Van Wie notified. The long, rough ride over the mountains and desert occupied three days and nights. At some stages it required three hours to cover a mile, so steep were the grades or so deep the desert sands.

Long before he arrived in sight of the corpse the squaw's wailing as she chanted the dirges of the Plute were heard. In the gray of the morning the coroner reached the body. The sight of the woman standing at the foot of her dead brave, her black hair flying in the breeze, presented a dolorous picture, heightened by the chant of the dirge.

The squaw had broken all the brave's crockery against a tree, had flattened out his spoons and forks and other utensils on the rocks and had staked the two horses near the body, prepared to slay them over his grave. During the long vigil the woman had taken nourishment of no kind and would only eat after the body had been covered in the ground.

STONE FROM CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Calvary Episcopal church has just come into possession of a rare and valuable memento. This is a large white stone taken from the central tower of the world famous Canterbury cathedral, England.

The stone was set in the west wall of Calvary last Thursday. This stone was placed in the tower of Canterbury cathedral in 1480 when some repair work and alterations were being made and remained there until a year or so ago, when a portion of the tower was torn down to be replaced by modern work made necessary by the ravages of time and the elements. The stone is quite an ordinary piece of masonry, simply a block of sandstone cut from a famous quarry in France. It is very white and clean looking and measures possibly two feet each way.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Was the Real Carnegie.

There's a watchman on duty in the War, State and Navy building in Washington, says the Popular Magazine, who resembles very closely Andrew Carnegie, and every morning Sergeant Curtis of the White House police force, has something to say to the watchman about Carnegie and Carnegie's money. One morning, just before the President left Washington for his summer vacation, Curtis saw the watchman going on his way to his post across the street, and sang out: "You blasted bondholder! Why don't you come across with some of the money you are hoarding up? There are plenty of people who need it, and I am one of them." "What's that?" asked the watchman, turning to Curtis very suddenly. It was then that Curtis, much abashed, saw he had been talking to the real Carnegie.

SOUTHERN COURTESY



The New England Major—We have a museum up in New England, sir, that has the finest collection of snakes in the world.

The Kentucky Colonel—We southerners, suh, would never expose our private affairs to the gaze of a vulgar public, suh.

TOUGH LUCK, INDEED



Nurse—Hivins! The baby swallowed a spoon! Did it hurt her?

Mrs. Fondpar—I'm afraid so; she hasn't been able to stir since!

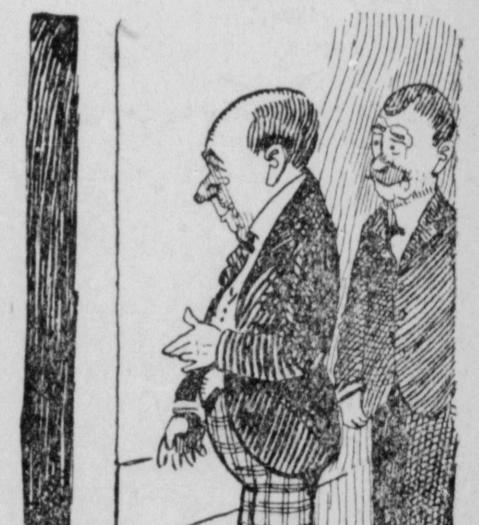
GIVE HER ANOTHER



Fondpar—You say baby swallowed a spoon? Did it hurt her?

Mrs. Fondpar—I'm afraid so; she hasn't been able to stir since!

A DIFFERENCE



A Deep Sea Tragedy

Taken from the Archives of Bullivants, Limited, the greatest inquiry and detective agency of modern times

By FREDERICK REDDALE

(Copyright, 1910, by W. G. Chapman)



The story opens in King William street, London, within sound of Bow Bells and a stone's throw from the Mansion House, "The Old Lady of Threadneedle street," and the Royal Exchange, amid the roar and bustle of the old city—this modern tale of queer doings on the high seas.

Upon the entire second floor of a newish building were located the main offices of Bullivants Limited—a firm or organization, evolved through the exigencies of contemporary men and manners. And yet Bullivants dealt with the ever-old primal passions of human weakness—misfortune, cupidity, envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness.

Before we reach the matter in hand, let us stroll through Bullivants' offices. Passing the plain-lettered glass door, we enter first the outer bailey, where a primly-coiffed young lady takes our names and inquires coldly if we have an appointment. Passing this female Cerberus, we attain by successive degrees, like pilgrims bound from Purgatory to Paradise, the sanctum of the registrar, the secretary, and the manager, until, possessing the magic "Open Sesame" of a "Case," we reach the holy of holies presided over by Bullivant himself—or some one who represents the firm name.

Everything speaks of quiet, orderliness, system and power. Somehow you feel that these people will help you where everyone else has failed—which is really their *raison d'être*, for Bullivants Limited is really a haven of forlorn hopes. There is no conceivable mystery which they will not attempt to unravel. Their integrity is unimpeached and unimpeachable.

Once they took hold of your case you might rest assured it was not hopeless, which was the chief reason why Philip Forster, Esq., of the Inner Temple, had requested a consultation on behalf of his client, Lady Laura Melwood, relict of the late Sir Charles Melwood of Barton-Melwood, Suffolk, whose only son, Arthur Melwood, heir to the baronetcy, had been missing for the last five years, despite scores of advertising advertisements and the best efforts of the smartest detectives.

The only son of a widowed mother, Arthur Melwood was in great demand if alive; if dead, satisfactory proof of his demise must be obtained ere the estates could pass to his cousin; the law allowed but one year more of time for proof one way or the other, hence Bullivants was indeed a forlorn hope.

Forster and his client speedily penetrated the various offices until they came to the den of the chief inquisitor, Darrel Callister.

"Yours is the case of a missing heir, Mr. Forster?" said Callister, consulting the card index on his desk, after the necessary introductions. "Yes. Let me have the bare facts, please, briefly and concisely."

Thus adjured, Solicitor Forster presented his oral brief, as follows:

"Five years ago Mr. Arthur Melwood sailed from the port of London as passenger on the trading brig Calloope, bound for South American ports.

The young man was of a roving disposition and left home with the full permission of his parents, although somewhat to their regret. He has never been heard of, dead or alive.

"Three years after he sailed, his father, the late Sir Charles, died, leaving his son heir to the barony, one of the oldest in England. The estates are strictly entailed in the male line, and failing a direct heir must descend to a cousin.

"Eight months after sailing, the Calloope was sighted by the steam collier Seahorse abandoned in the South Atlantic with all sail set and apparently uninjured aloft or aloft. A boat's crew from the whaler boarded the brig, and found her totally deserted. She had left port with a crew of ten men, besides captain, mate and the captain's wife and child. Not a rope or yarn was started; there were no signs of struggle or bloodshed, the quarters and clothing of the crew and the captain's cabin were in apple-pie order; in the latter were the ship's papers, some money, apparel and a sewing machine, on the latter a spool of thread, just as it had been left, proving that no rough weather had been encountered since the abandonment.

Not a boat was missing from the davits—hence all hands must have been taken off by a passing ship, even if it were conceivable that they had abandoned a perfectly sound and seaworthy ship—something unimaginable. The only thing out of the way was a line trailing over the stern which had been severed by a knife cut.

"The Calloope was towed into Port Stanley, in the Falklands, the nearest British port, and there sold after the salvage claims were satisfied. Two years later she founded with all hands of a new crew off the Horn. But of the original crew that left London nothing has ever been heard or

far as gleaned additional information was concerned. Then, by great good luck, he learned that the Seahorse was in port, so he drove down to Victoria docks, where he interviewed her skipper and the mate, who had boarded the Calloope, and got the story at first hand.

"What did you make of it all?" queried Tarbell, "man to man, now, Mr. Bannon?" This to the mate of the Calloope.

"Why, 'twas th' silliest, aggravatin'est job I ever come across," was the disgusted answer. "Ef th' crew was killed, 'oo killed 'em? They must a' left th' brig in fine weather; was they took off by another vessel? Then w'y didn't th' ol' man take his instruments, the ship's papers, an' th' money? I'll take my h'oth there warn't no sickness aboard, an' there was ne'er a sign of a fight. Wy didn't th' mother take th' baby's cap an' coat along wi' her? An' w'y was there no boats missin'? Aw," and Mr. Bannon expectorated disgustedly over th' side, "there's only one way t' solve th' blasted mystery, an' that's t' overhaul some o' th' brig's people."

"Which is exactly what I propose to do if they're on earth!" said Tarbell inquired.

"You don't say! Well, then, my advice is you'd better start at Port Stanley, go through th' straits an' work up Callao way along th' west coast."

"I guess that's pretty good talk," said Tarbell, nodding farewell.

It was a peculiarity of Bullivants Limited that their agents, once intrusted with a case, were allowed to absolutely follow their own devices with a free hand. Likewise was it

"Thank you, yes—that will be the quickest way," answered Tarbell.

So a cutter was manned, four oars to a side, and being piped away in charge of a middy, off they went over the kelp-laden waves, making for a little green cove on the northwest angle of the island. Ten or a dozen of the hardy residents were waiting to meet them and haul the cutter out of the back-wash.

After the first salutations the middy inquired:

"Any shipwrecked people here?"

"One only," was the reply, "but you won't want him, poor fellow. He's—" and a significant gesture, understood by all men, told the rest.

"How did he come ashore?" asked Tarbell.

"Just by his lone, in a leetle boat. Oh, but he was nigh dead wi' hunger and crazy wi' fright."

"What's his name?"

The islanders shook their heads mutely, their leader again pointing to his head.

"Well, where's his boat—any name on that?"

The boat was yonder under a shed, but she bore no name.

"When did he come ashore?"

The native named a date, for these islanders keep close reckoning of times and seasons. Consulting his memoranda Tarbell found it was within four or five weeks of the time when the Calloope was found deserted.

"We'd better see the man," said the middy. "He may have been one of her crew, you know."

So they all trudged up the steep path to the summit of the cliff, where were clustered the cottages and gar-

dens, and brought to London on a P. and O. liner. They were in hard straits and glad of the chance to get a ship, even if it was not bound for their home port.

"We had a pleasant passage across the line and well into the South Atlantic. About thirty degrees south we one day sighted an open boat almost dead ahead. Shifting our helm a couple of points, the wind being light, we presently brought the boat alongside. In her stern was the dead body of a seaman, while huddled in the bow was a huge gorilla almost lifeless from starvation and thirst.

"At first sight I supposed the animal to be a giant baboon, but on closer inspection I became convinced that he belonged to the gorilla family. This discovery surprised me greatly, for I was fully aware that these fierce brutes could seldom, if ever, be captured alive, and that it was next to impossible to tame one of them. Yet this fellow must have been on good terms with his dead companion, for there were no marks of violence on the seaman's body and it was evident that his death had been the result of exposure and privation. At the same time I did not fancy the idea of coming into contact with the beast, and I strongly advised the captain to let him go adrift as he was, without trying any philanthropic experiments. But the skipper's sense of humanity was more powerful than his discretion and, in spite of all my arguments to the contrary, he insisted upon rescuing the animal.

"We caught the derelict with a boat hook, and a couple of Lascars dropped into her. They tossed the dead man overboard—it was all that could be done—sent the gorilla on board in a bowline and towed the boat astern. The creature was so weak that he could hardly move, yet the appealing look in the brute's eyes was almost human. Well, we fed him sparingly on biscuit soaked in water and made him a bed under the break of the fo'ksle. It was astonishing how quickly he revived; in two days he was as strong as ever, though pretty gaunt, and took to roaming all over the ship. The way he climbed the rigging made the oldest sailor aboard open his eyes. He was an immense hairy brute, over six feet tall when he stretched himself, with arms that reached way below his hams, and only the God who made him knows what fiendish strength was in the creature's thaws and sinews.

"At first the gorilla was pretty docile, but as his terrible strength came back he developed an ugly temper, snarling and snapping at the men as they passed along the deck, but springing for the rigging at sight of a rope's end or a belaying pin; there he would sit cursing, chattering and showing his teeth. We began to think we had caught a Tartar, and Captain Graves talked of setting the devil adrift again, which was why we kept the boat towing astern. But the job was to catch and secure my gentleman. He never seemed to sleep in the daytime, and at night the Lascar crew were too scared to attack him. The Lascars had evidently made up their minds that there was something supernatural about the beast, and cowered like frightened rabbits whenever he approached them. Graves finally resolved to shoot him, but when he got his revolver—the only firearm by the way, on board, he found that the mate, to whom he had intrusted the task of buying ammunition for it, had made a mistake and purchased 32-caliber cartridges for a 38 gun. This left the weapon useless, and we were soon to find out that it was to be war to the death between the gorilla and the Calloope's crew, with the chances largely in favor of the animal.

"Happening to look aft I spied the shaft of a yellow light streaming from the open cabin door, and my heart gave a jump of dismay. In an instant I realized the utter futility of my rage, and what the consequences of it might be. Mrs. Graves and her baby had been left alone, exposed to the fury of that incarnate fiend had he chosen to pay them a visit. While I had been raving aloud, running to and fro and thrashing the empty deck it would have been easy for the gorilla to steal into the cabin and wreak his ferocity on the defenseless mother and child within. It must have been a premonition, for even as I looked a dark shape blurred the oblong of light and in two jumps reached the rail, where it tossed something overside.

"My yell startled the fiend, for with a snarling yelp he sprang for the main rigging and vanished overhead in the gloom, where I could hear him chattering and gnashing his great teeth.

"I made a dive for the cabin, banging the door behind me, hurried to do likewise for the companion, and then called for Mrs. Graves. Too well I knew what the result would be. Only my own voice echoed in that silent cabin; mother and babe had gone to join father and husband, and I was alone on the brig! Then I must have swooned, for when I came to the morning sun was cutting zig-zag patterns on the floor as the ship swung aimlessly hither and yon.

"In a moment the dread happenings of the past night of horror flashed into memory, and in that same instant I resolved to quit the brig, if possible; otherwise it would be my turn to feel the gorilla's claws gripping my throat and in a trice I'd be pitched overboard to join my shipmates.

"Cautiously I peered out of the cabin windows along the main deck; the great hairy brute, as tall as a full-grown man, was sunning himself on top of the galley, and, I hoped, asleep. My plan was to make a rush for the stern, where the boat was still towed, slide down the painter, cast off and trust to luck for being picked up.

Better a slow death by exposure and starvation in an open boat than by strangulation with the hot and fetid breath of the ape in my nostrils.

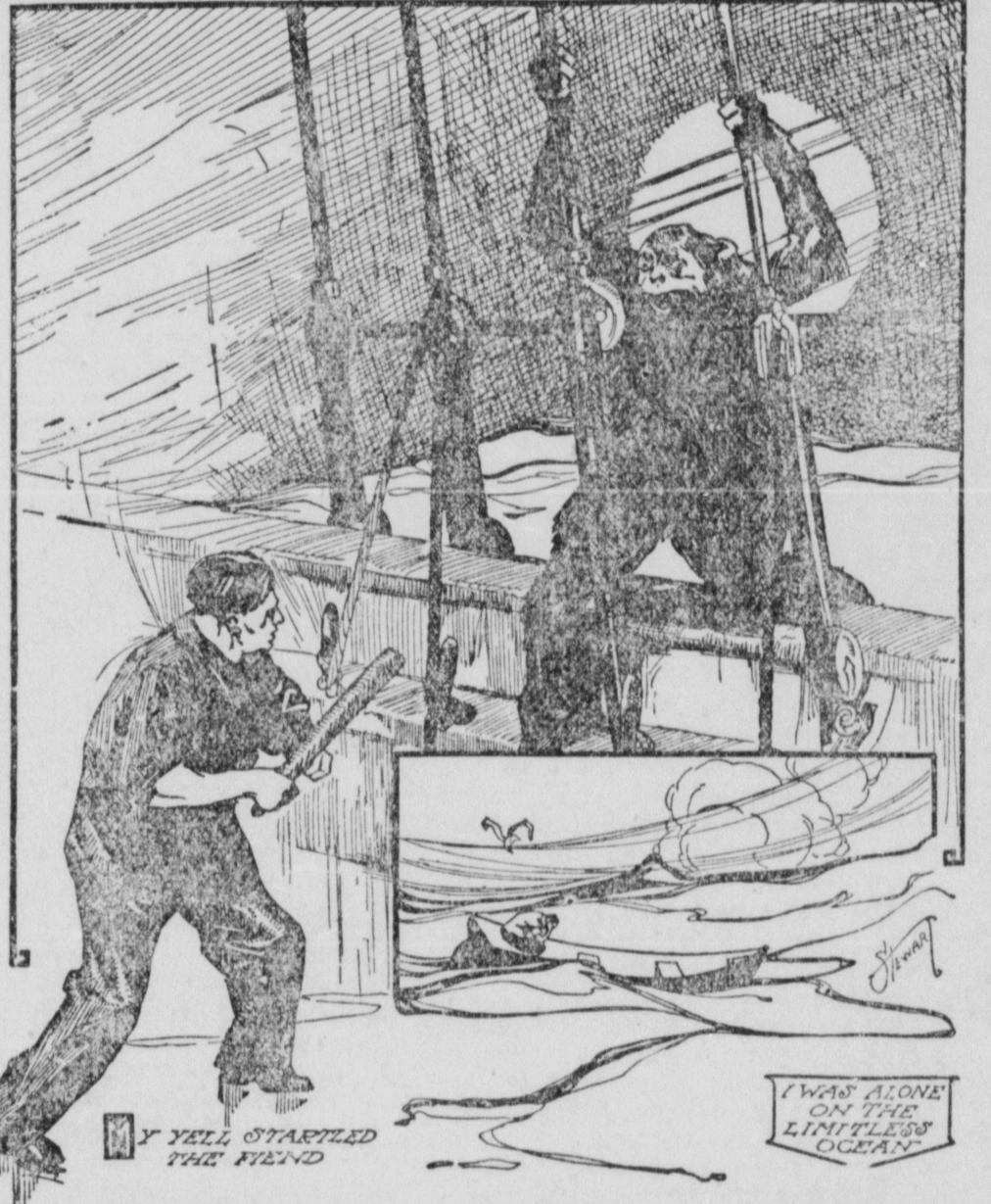
"Well, I stuffed some ship's biscuits in my shirt, opened the companion doors very quietly and made a break for the taffrail. It was only half a dozen strides, but quick as I moved the gorilla was quicker, for as I straddled the rail I heard the swift patter of his feet on the deck planks. I made a dive for the painter, fortunately caught it and landed in the boat.

"Looking upward, I saw the ape making to follow me, but hesitating at trusting his bulk to the light, swaying rope. To head him off I whipped out my knife and slashed at the painter, severing it with a single stroke.

"But before I drifted clear the fiend leaped for the boat, struck its bow, bounded off into the sea, and came up sputtering alongside ready to clamber over the gunwale. With a cry of rage I seized an oar and let him have it with the sharp edge of the blade squarely on top of his flat and ugly skull. Still snarling and snapping, the dirty carcass sank alongside, leaving but a ring of bubbles. Then for the second time I lost my breath.

"When next I opened my eyes I was alone on the limitless ocean. How long I drifted I don't know; the memory of the tragedy I had been through, coupled with thirst and hunger, must have driven me mad. On the island I had no recollection of events on the brig, but when you called me by name something in my brain snapped, and the whole horrid tragedy came back to me as by a lightning dash!"

So John Tarbell's quest was ended: Sir Arthur Melwood was restored to his waiting mother and to his estates, while Bullivants Limited had scored a victory over seemingly impossible obstacles, and solved one of the greatest of modern mysteries.



understood that money need not be spared to achieve success. "Report when you're ready and remember the firm's motto, 'Nil desperandum,' were the twin watchwords.

So to Port Stanley in the Falklands went Tarbell for the real starting point in his queer quest. There at least he would be on the spot near where the people on the Calloope disappeared from human ken. But public opinion in that remote crown colony was all adverse. From governor to beachcomber there was a singular unanimity of opinion that the mystery of the Calloope would never be solved until the day of judgment.

From thence Tarbell went through the Straits of Magellan, literally combing the squalid Chilean settlements without extracting a scrap of news good, bad or indifferent. He was just stepping on board a coasting steamer bound for Callao when the following message from the harbor master at Port Stanley was placed in his hands:

"A whaling bark just in from the southern cruise reports touching at Tristan d'Acunha, and hearing that a crazy white man drifted ashore in an open boat three or four years ago, was snow sliding off a roof—and there you are!"

"Had you any theories?" questioned his superior.

"Plenty," was the answer, "and so did every other sailor man; the trouble was that none of them fitted."

"All the better," commented Callister. "Can't you think of something new?"

"Everything's possible at sea," answered Tarbell. "At first sight you're up against a muddle; nothing fits; then comes the explanation—simple as snow sliding off a roof—and there you are!"

"Yes, I understand; but about this Calloope now?"

"Well, you see," said Tarbell, counting off on his finger tips, "we can cut out the usual sea hazards—collision, tempest, mutiny, desertion and fire; none of those perils happen to fit the Calloope. There is a simple solution, of course, but it'll be something out of the ordinary, or I miss my guess."

"Can't you give it a name?"

"Not now—perhaps never," was Tarbell's answer. "But I'm willing to run it down."

Callister nodded. "The case is yours; you've got a year in which to make good. Take your own way, spare no expense, and report when ready. You'll find all the facts in file O. M. 864. That's all."

Probably there was never so puzzling a case in the annals of maritime nations as that of the brig Calloope. There was absolutely not a single salient fact upon which to build a premise. As Tarbell had said, all plausible theories, based upon the usual hazards of the sea, failed to fit the case. Those who might have given a clew—captain, wife and child, passenger, crew—had vanished without apparent reason. So John Tarbell had a hard nut to crack in attempting to trace the fate of Sir Arthur Melwood.

He began his investigations at Lloyds; then he visited the owners. From each visit he drew a blank so

far as gleaned additional information was concerned. Then, by great good luck, he learned that the Seahorse was in port, so he drove down to Victoria docks, where he interviewed her skipper and the mate, who had boarded the Calloope, and got the story at first hand.

"What did you make of it all?" queried Tarbell, "man to man, now, Mr. Bannon?" This to the mate of the Calloope.

"Why, 'twas th' silliest, aggravatin'est job I ever come across," was the disgusted answer. "Ef th' crew was killed, 'oo killed 'em? They must a' left th' brig in fine weather; was they took off by another vessel? Then w'y didn't th' ol' man take his instruments, the ship's papers, an' th' money? I'll take my h'oth there warn't no sickness aboard, an' there was ne'er a sign of a fight. Wy didn't th' mother take th' baby's cap an' coat along wi' her? An' w'y was there no boats missin'? Aw," and Mr. Bannon expectorated disgustedly over th' side, "there's only one way t' solve th' blasted mystery, an' that's t' overhaul some o' th' brig's people."

"Which is exactly what I propose to do if they're on earth!" said Tarbell inquired.

"Any shipwrecked people here?"

"One only," was the reply, "but you won't want him, poor fellow. He's—" and a significant gesture, understood by all men, told the rest.

"How did he come ashore?" asked Tarbell.

"Just by his lone, in a leetle boat. Oh, but he was nigh dead wi' hunger and crazy wi' fright."

"What's his name?"

The islanders shook their heads mutely, their leader again pointing to his head.

"Well, where's his boat—any name on that?"

The boat was yonder under a shed, but she bore no name.

"When did he come ashore?"

The native named a date, for these islanders keep close reckoning of times and seasons. Consulting his memoranda Tarbell found it was within four or five weeks of the time when the Calloope was found deserted.

"We'd better see the man," said the middy. "He may have been one of her crew, you know."

So they all trudged up the steep path to the summit of the cliff, where were clustered the cottages and gar-

Building Material

The Very Best
at the
Lowest Prices

Lumber, Shingles, Lath,
Sash, Doors and Blinds.

High Grade Mill Work

Veneered Doors and In-
terior Finishes.

Travis Carter Co.

Phone Us
Your orders
for Spring delivery
for
California privet
Seymour Greenhouses

Phone 58

DONOT FORGET

That I handle all kinds of feed, in-
cluding bran, shorts, hominy hearts,
cracked corn, threshed oats, corn and
feed meal.

I sell the best of bread meal, Gra-
ham flour, rye flour and wheat flour.

All grades of coal, forked and
cleaned thoroughly before delivered.

G. H. ANDERSON

Phone 353.

N. Chestnut St.

Seymour Drug Store

Announces A Full Line of

Drugs, Patent Medicines,
Toilet Articles and Perfumes

ALL NEW AND FRESH

W. B. Hopkins, Prop.

Registered Pharmacist by Examination

NO. 10 ST. LOUIS AVE.

SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK

Piano Teacher,

Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St.
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

Call the Cab

When you want to go to the depot
or about town. Prompt Service.

Henry J. Cordes

Phone 651. 107 E. Second St.

H. LETT, M. D. C.

Veterinary Surgeon

111 W. Third St., SEYMOUR.

Phones—New 633 and 644, Old 97 and 80.

KINDIG BROS.
ARCHITECTS
AND GENERAL CONTRACTORS

Home Office W. 7th St.

Phone No. 672. SEYMOUR, IND.

JACOB SPEAR JOHN HAGEL
Carpenters-Contractors
BUILDING and REPAIRING

New work...hard wood floors a specialty

SPEAR & HAGEL

630 N. Chestnut St., Seymour, Ind.

U. G. Miller

Dealer in All Kinds of

Coal, Lime, Cement, Etc.

Office and Coal Yards Corner Tipton St.
and Jeffersonville Ave.**Tailoring for Ladies And Gents.**

We do cleaning, pressing, dying
and altering. We make any size but-
tons, with any kind of your own cloth.

We are agents of Kentucky Laundry
Co., also gents' furnishing, travel-
ing bags, trunks, etc.

A. SCIARRA, 14, E. 2nd. Phone 92

W. H. BURKLEY
REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE
and LOANS

SEYMOUR, INDIANA

THE REPUBLICANJAY C. SMITH HARRY J. MARTIN
Editors and Publishers.Entered at the Seymour, Indiana, Post-
office as Second-class Matter.

DAILY	\$5.00
Six Months	2.50
Three Months	1.25
One Month	.45
One Week	.10

WEEKLY	\$1.00
One Year in Advance	\$1.00

MONDAY, JANUARY 9, 1911.

THROWN FROM HORSE

Nelson Belding Suffered Painful In-
juries at Crothersville.

Nelson Belding, the fourteen year old son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Belding of Crothersville, was thrown from a young horse Saturday and was quite painfully injured. His leg was broken in two places above the knee and his face was severely cut and bruised.

The boy was breaking a young horse to ride when it became frightened at some object on Main street and began to run. The animal stopped suddenly and threw the boy over its head on the frozen ground. Mrs. Anna Williams was near by when the accident occurred, as was Roy Chasen, who immediately went for Mr. Belding and a physician. Dr. Chas. E. Gillespie was called and succeeded in setting the broken bone. The boy is getting along very nicely at present.

NO CAUSE TO DOUBT

A Statement of Facts Backed by a
Strong Guarantee.

We guarantee immediate and positive relief to all sufferers from constipation. In every case where our remedy fails to do this we will supply it free. That's a frank statement of facts, and we want you to substantiate them at our risk.

Rexall Orderlies are a gentle, effective, dependable and safe bowel regulator, strengthener and tonic that are eaten like candy. They reestablish nature's functions in a quiet, easy way. They do not cause any inconvenience, griping or nausea. They are so pleasant to take, and work so easily, that they may be taken by any one at any time. They thoroughly tone up the whole system to healthy activity. They have a most beneficial action upon the liver.

Rexall Orderlies are unsurpassable and ideal for the use of children, old folks and delicate persons. We cannot too highly recommend them to all sufferers from any form of constipation and its attendant evils. That's why we back our faith in them with our promise of money back if they do not give entire satisfaction. Two sizes: 12 tablets 10 cents and 36 tablets 25 cents. Remember you can obtain Rexall Remedies in Seymour only at our store,—the Rexall store, The Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

REV. JAMES H. HAWK.

The New Pastor of the Presbyterian Church Will Arrive Tomorrow.

The Rev. James H. Hawk, of Orleans, who was recently selected as pastor of the Presbyterian church, will arrive here tomorrow to begin the duties of his pastorate. On Wednesday evening the regular prayer meeting will be held at which time the new pastor will be welcomed to his new charge. All persons interested in the Presbyterian church are invited to attend the meeting and welcome the new pastor.

The new pipe organ which has been purchased has arrived and is being placed in position. The organ is one of the finest in the city and will add much to the auditorium of the church. A new carpet has also been purchased and will be laid as soon as possible. Several other improvements will be made to improve and beautify the interior of the church.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Fire and Tornado Insurance

Accident, Health, Sick Benefit Insurance

EDW. HARTMAN

Phone 345. 417 E. 2nd St., Seymour

**DOES NOT HAVE
TO GIVE A LIST**

Railroad's Employees' Roll is Its Own Affair.

RESISTED THE COMMISSION

When Indiana Railway Commission Ordered the Big Four to Turn Over the Roll of Its Telegraph Operators Together With Details of Their Service, the Road Went to Court and Won Victory.

Indianapolis, Jan. 9.—The Big Four railway won a victory over the railroad commission of Indiana in the Marion circuit court when Judge Charles Remster decided that he had no authority to order H. G. Houghton, general superintendent of the Big Four, to give the commission the names, ages, addresses, length of service and records of all telegraph operators employed by the road in Indiana. The court did not hold that the commission could not obtain the information it sought, but ruled that it had followed the wrong procedure in the case before the court. The ruling was given on a motion to discharge Houghton, as representative of the road, from a rule that he must show cause why he should not produce the information sought by the commission.

The suit was filed by the commission against Mr. Houghton after an investigation of a wreck in Brightwood, in which several were killed. At the time an operator's word stood against that of a conductor of a freight crew. The members of the commission asked Mr. Houghton to obtain for them the information giving the ages and experience of all telegraph operators the road employed. He refused to supply the information, on advice of counsel.

POISON IN HIS FOOD

Elevator Man Dying at Pittsburg, Po-
lice Hold Wife.

Pittsburg, Jan. 9.—G. M. Strobaker, superintendent of the Morton Grain and Hay company, is lying in the South Side hospital dying from strichnine poisoning. Mrs. Mary Strobaker, his wife, was locked up by the police. That enough strichnine was placed in the food of Strobaker to kill twenty-five men is the assertion of physicians who have been called, and the question now to be answered is who put the poison in the food.

The police claim to have enough evidence to warrant the detention of Mrs. Strobaker, but they admit they are after others.

Mrs. Strobaker said her husband had enemies among the men who worked in the elevators with him and that some of the more spiteful had evidently put the poison in his food.

JOHN ORTH'S SKELETON

In the Possession of Illinois Physician,
So Latter Claims.

Carthage, Ill., Jan. 9.—Dr. H. D. Siegfried, a practicing physician of Denver, Ill., claims to own the skeleton of Duke Johann, the long-missing "John Orth," brother of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria. He says it has been in his possession for twelve years. Dr. Siegfried says he has entered into negotiations with interested parties in Europe and refuses to give out any further information pending the results of the negotiations.

Superintendent York Resigns.

Indianapolis, Jan. 9.—After a continuous service of seventeen years at the Indiana boys' school, the last ten of which he served as the head of the institution, Superintendent Eugene E. York tendered his resignation to the board of control when it met for its monthly session today. No especial reason for his action is given by Mr. York.

Prisoner Refuses Food.

Richmond, Ind., Jan. 9.—William Harper, thirty-four years old, confined in the county jail, is trying to starve himself to death. He has not eaten anything for several days and his condition is serious.

Bishop to Get \$10,000.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 9.—Bishop John Hazen White of Michigan City, Ind., is to receive \$10,000 from the estate of the late Mrs. Mary Lathrop Peabody of Boston, one of the city's most prominent women philanthropists.

WEATHER EVERYWHERE

Observations of United States weather bureaus taken at 8 p. m. yesterday follow:

Temp.	Weather
New York..... 44	Cloudy
Albany..... 42	Rain
Atlantic City.. 44	Cloudy
Boston..... 46	Cloudy
Buffalo..... 26	Cloudy
Chicago..... 16	Clear
St. Louis..... 36	Clear
New Orleans... 68	Cloudy
Washington... 46	Clear
Philadelphia... 44	Pt. Cloudy
Indianapolis... 30	Clear

Fair, colder in southern portion;
Tuesday unsettled.

NEWSY PARAGRAPHS.

Mrs. Bertha Horning, of Columbus, is here on account of the death of her father, Phillip Cox.

Miss Flossie Walker, of West Fourth street, who was recently adjudged insane, was taken to the asylum at Madison today.

Rev. L. F. Ackerman and son, Lawrence, have returned to their home in Jeffersonville after a visit with Joseph Ackerman and family.

Mrs. Samuel Barr died last Friday night at her home west of Elizabethtown. She leaves a husband and eight children. The funeral services were held Monday.

At Columbus Saturday Walter Ford, proprietor of a restaurant at Elizabethtown, and Miss Edith Hudson, of the same place, were married by Justice Stader.

Guy Holmes, a brakeman on the B. & O. S.W., who was injured at Valdona some time ago, returned from his home in Medora this morning, and will resume his work on the road.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bair and family leave this evening for Marietta, Ga., where they will make their future home. Mr. Bair expects to engage in business in Atlanta.

It now seems certain that Congressman Dixon, of this district, will be a member of the Ways and Means committee. He has decided to cut loose from all other committee connections and take the place.

Lon Pruitt left for San Antonio, Texas, this morning where he will spend several weeks with his wife who has been there for some time. Mrs. Pruitt is improving in health since going to the southern climate.

Miss Mabel Gray was in Brownsburg last week assisting the clerk in the county's recorder's office copy the long deed and mortgage filed by the Chicago, Terre Haute and Southeastern railroad Company. It will require several days to complete the work.

Leonard Sage was arrested this morning by the police upon advice received from Ed Long, the proprietor of a boarding house at Columbus. Long claims that Sage owes him a board bill and asked the officers to arrest him, and he is being held here awaiting the arrival of the Columbus officers.

UNION MEETINGS.

Plans to Continue Each Evening This Week at Various Churches.

The union meetings which were held by the churches of the city last week, observing the week of prayer, are to be continued each evening this week. This evening at 7:30 the service will be held at the First Baptist church, the sermon by Rev. J. W. Short, of the Nazarene church. The program for the remainder of the week is as follows:

A Word About Overcoats

THE unusual demand for Overcoats during the Fall season enabled us to close out almost our entire line by January 1st, and we were compelled to buy more, and have

Just Purchased

AT ABOUT HALF PRICE, 44 very desirable coats, and we can sell them at \$8.50, \$10.00 and \$12.00. They are special values.

THE HUB

PERSONAL.

A. Strauss, of Terre Haute, is here on business today.
Elder J. M. Cross, of Nineveh, was in the city this morning.
Mrs. J. H. Perkins, of Lebanon, is visiting Mrs. H. J. Martin.

Miss Frieda Aufderheide has gone to Indianapolis for a visit.

Robert Vaneleave, of Cortland, has gone to North Vernon to live.

Wen Williams, of Sprayton, transacted business here this mornin.

Geo. Zimmerman, who resides on rural route 8, was here Saturday.

John Kamman went to Brownstown this morning on legal busine.

John H. Kruwell, of Indianapolis, was in the city Saturday on business.

J. E. Hargitt, of Medora, transacted business in Seymour Saturday.

E. H. Burcham, of Medora, was here Saturday attending the poultry show.

Mitt Hazzard, of Brownstown, transacted business in Seymour this morning.

H. C. McCoun, cashier of the Medora State Bank, was in the city on business today.

Mrs. Lelah Ault, of Beck's Grove, was here today and went to Columbus to visit her sister.

Frank Davis and children, of Medora, were here this morning on a short business trip.

Adam Heller, of Brownstown, county treasurer, was in the city on business this morning.

Miss Elizabeth Bender, of Washington, is the guest of her brother, George Bender and family.

Mrs. John Van de Walle and son went to Vallaonia this morning to spend several days with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Hustedt, of Louisville, were here today to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Emma Bell.

Misses Minnie and Sophia Vondienger returned to Indianapolis today after spending a week with their parents.

Walter Mascher, of Illinois, who has been visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stunkle's, returned home this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hustedt, of Indianapolis, were here today on account of the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Emma Bell.

Henry Vehslage, jr., who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stunkle for several days, returned to his home in Vallaonia today.

Mrs. Fred Clark has returned to her home in Bloomingdale, after several weeks visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Moulder.

Henry Lueders, Mrs. William Lueders and Miss Cora Lueders, of Cincinnati, were among those who attended the funeral services of Mrs. Emma Bell this afternoon.

DIED.

COX.—Phillip Cox, aged seventy-one years, died Sunday at his home on west Second street after a short illness. He had been in declining health for several years. The deceased was born near Paris Crossing, and lived in Jennings county until about four months ago when he moved to this city. He was a veteran of the Civil war, having been a member of Company H, Twenty-seventh Indiana regiment. He was a member of the G. A. R. He is survived by his wife, five sons, Bert, Ernest, James and Paul, of Seymour, and Forest of Columbus; and one daughter, Mrs. Bertha Horning, of Columbus.

The funeral services will be held Tuesday morning from the church at Conlogue, conducted by Elder Harley Jackson. Burial at Wohrer's cemetery.

—

SHANK.—Adam Shank, for many years a well known citizen of the county, died this morning at his home near Reddington. He had been sick about one month. He was 75 years old and was a Civil war veteran. He leaves eight children, Mrs. Robert Stuart, of Argenta, Ill.; Mrs. McVey, of Chestnut Ridge; Oliver Shank, of Kansas; Chas Shank, North Dakota; Edson Shank, Texas; George Shank, Mrs. Suran Adams and Mrs. Harrison Foist, of Reddington.

—

COLLINS.—Jesse Collins, who formerly conducted a barber shop in the Giger block, died Sunday morning at his home on West Third street of dropsy. He had been in poor health for several months and a month ago sold his business. He was aged 44 years and was born in Ripley county, but had spent much of his life in Seymour and stood well in the community. He leaves a wife and three children. The funeral services will be held Tuesday afternoon.

—

STEWART.—Frank Stewart, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, near Reddington, died Sunday. The funeral was held this afternoon.

All who know themselves in debt to Richart Shoe Store will please call and settle at once.

L. W. RICHART.

THE PERFECT MOTORCYCLE

Comf rt
and
Economy



Speed
and
Reliability

The Only Spring Frame Motorcycle

THE FLYING MERKEL' is possessed of all those qualities which insure reliable performances under the most trying conditions of road and weather. It has the power necessary to get you there and back again. It is a machine to depend on—a machine whose reliability is a thousand times a proven fact.

Unless you are an ardent motorcycle enthusiast and can put up with all kinds of discomfort, there's not much joy in sitting over a powerful engine and go jolting and jarring along a rough road. With a "Flying Merkel," you have the utmost in comfort. All roads seem smooth, and vibration is reduced to a minimum. It's the only machine with a spring frame and a spring fork, a device that takes up all bumps and shocks, and makes motorcycling as comfortable as sitting in a rocking chair. "The Flying Merkel" is, indeed, the "most comfortable mortortcycle in the world."

The motor of "The Flying Merkel" is unusually flexible. This means it can be throttled down as low as five miles an hour, or pushed up to 60 with a turn of the wrist. Possibly you don't care to go racing along at a mile-a-minute clip, but it's a heap of satisfaction to know you've the power underneath you when you want it—to know it's mighty hard to find a hill that "The Flying Merkel" won't negotiate in splendid fashion. The Merkel's wonderful little ball-bearing motor has achieved a success the past few years that has been the envy of motorcyclemakers everywhere. Tho' a youngster in the racing game, "The Flying Merkel" has hundreds of victories to its credit, among them several world's records. Think what it means to own a motorcycle with such a reputation as this.

Catalogues and Demonstration at Standfield-Carlson Hdw. Co.

106 West Second Street, Seymour, Ind.

E. WHITMER, Agent

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Statement of the Receipts and Disbursements, Assets and Liabilities of The Seymour Mutual Telephone Company for the year ending Jan. 1st, 1911.

RECEIPTS.

January 1st, 1910, balance on hand.....	\$ 1151 84
Received for rentals.....	12660 13
Received for Tolls.....	4150 84
Received for Miscellaneous.....	1234 53
Received for Stock.....	3000 00

Total Receipts..... \$22197 34

DISBURSEMENTS.

General	\$ 404 55
Operating	2860 96
Maintainance	3493 16
Construction	5864 00
Bonds	2500 00
Dividends	1109 60
Sundries	3887 71

Total Disbursements

\$20119 92

Balance Cash on hand

\$ 2077 42

ASSETS,

Construction of Plant.....	\$41111 96
Accounts Receivable	1957 43
Office Fixtures.....	117 00
Cash on hand	2077 42

Total

\$45283 81

We the undersigned do solemnly swear that the foregoing statement is true and correct as we verily believe so help us God.

J. B. THOMPSON.

J. H. MATLOCK.

GEORGE BREITFELD.

ALBERT H. AHLBRAND.

ULYSSES F. LEWIS,

Notary Public.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this January 7th, 1911.

Total

\$45283 81

We the undersigned do solemnly swear that the foregoing statement is true and correct as we verily believe so help us God.

J. B. THOMPSON.

J. H. MATLOCK.

GEORGE BREITFELD.

ALBERT H. AHLBRAND.

ULYSSES F. LEWIS,

Notary Public.



BOYS LIKE THE JOB

of putting our coal in their fathers' cellars. Why? Just because they know that with such coal mother's pies, cookies, etc., will always come out just right, that there will be no trouble to build the fires and consequently no detested extra wood chopping. Were you ever a boy? Then get our coal and treat your youngsters better than you were.

Raymond City Coal per ton \$4.00

EBNER ICE AND COLD STORAGE CO.

Phone No. 4.



YOU NAME IT

and we will supply it if it is anything in the line of lumber. We carry a complete stock of long and short lumber, rough and dressed. Windows and doors, singles and laths—everything for building. And prices are right.

SEYMORE PLANING MILL CO.

419 S. Chestnut St.

Perfumes

Are always acceptable gifts, and are in a class of their own. This includes Toilet Waters and Sachets. See our window filled with beautiful holiday packages.

Prices 25c to \$5.00.

COX PHARMACY

DR. G. W. FARVER,

Practice Limited to

DISEASES OF THE EYE.

Room 2 Andrews-Schwenk Block,

SEYMORE, INDIANA.

Office Hours: 8-12 a. m., 1-5, 7-8 p. m.

GLASSES FITTED.

FOR SALE

80 acre farm, 3 room house, new barn, 20 acres wheat, 20 acres meadow, 25 acres timber, 5 miles from town on good pike road. Mail route, and telephone, \$50 per acre, if sold in 60 days. Loan of \$1100 now on farm can be assumed. Phones, Residence 105, office 186. See E. C. BOLINGER.

T. R. HALEY

Carries a First Class Line of Silverware, Jewelry, and Optical Goods.

Watch Repairing, 10 E. Second St.

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT

Don't allow your clothes to become soiled and baggy, but bring to us and let us clean and press them and make them look like new.

For dress shirts we are prepared to show you a handsome line at reasonable prices. Just give us a trial and be convinced.

THE SEYMORE TAILORS, N. Chestnut St.

Winter Suits and Overcoats Reduced

You can buy now a good suit or overcoat for a good deal less than it is worth. We are now ready to "clear the decks" for the Spring business. We are starting early because we want to get through early. : : : : :

THOMAS CLOTHING COMPANY

Fire, Lightning, Tornado and Automobile Insurance

Phone 244

G. L. HANCOCK, Agt.

SEYMORE, IND.

CONGDON & DURHAM,

Fire, Tornado, Liability, Accident and Sick Benefit

Runaways

By JAMES A. FARRELL

"So the old man says I have no backbone, does he?"

The innocent bay mare on whose back sat Drake Latting started up suddenly as her rider dug his spurs deep into her flanks. If Sunbeam had known the whole story, of which her master's face gave only the outward sign, she might not have been so resentful.

Drake Latting had, apparently, everything to make life attractive, but a man who gets a curt, if courteous, note of dismissal from the girl he is engaged to is apt to forget that his family was among the most prominent in America before 1765. He is not apt to think much of the fact that he had a college training, and all that went with it, and if he ever thought of it, that he had not only wealth, motor cars and stable of polo ponies, but youth and looks.

"I wish I could get that confounded letter out of my head, and clear out of town, but I can't, and I'm not going to go back and beg at her feet," he said, and Sunbeam again hastened her pace.

"You know that I have loved you, Drake, but you know, too, that our friends have always said that I could not love any one more than I love my father. You must realize that we—Daddy and I—have been inseparable ever since mother died when I was a little girl. I have been everything to him, and now that he is old and his health poor, I cannot but accede to his wish that I ask you to release me from our engagement."

"It was unnecessary and foolish for me to tell you that my father said that you had no backbone. Please put it out of your mind, as I am sure that father did not mean quite that, and I wish you always to regard him, as well as me, as your very good friends."

"It looks as if I came pretty near knowing it by heart," said Drake to himself. "If I don't forget that letter I'll be singing it next. I've got up, playing polo and billiards, breakfasted, lunched and dined, and gone to bed to the music of it for a week now, and it's time I got over it—but 'no backbone'—why that old, vinegar-faced, file-



"Now Sonny."

voiced, stave-legged—well, he's B.'s father. I suppose, even though every one in the street knows old Peter Varian as the biggest grouch that ever—Hello! What's this?"

Drake had just turned out of Van Cortlandt park into Jerome avenue, when he saw, swinging around the corner of the Riverdale road, a brougham almost hidden by a cloud of dust. At first it looked like a simple case of reckless driving, but when the madly whirling vehicle came to within 25 yards it was easy to see that the team was running away, and that the coachman was in a pitiful funk, absolutely powerless to get the horses under control.

Between Drake and the carriage lay an excavation that ran ahead, as a quick glance had been sufficient to tell him, for 200 yards without a break. Polo develops the faculty of quick thinking on the back of horse. He saw it would be impossible to clear the ten-foot ditch from a standing take-off. Behind him was a hopelessly rough descent, and the trees. By this time the brougham was only ten yards from him. He dug the spurs into Sunbeam; the little mare responded gamely, and they tore down along the narrow rim of grass. From side to side swerved the brougham, and twice the rear wheels were thrown to the left until the space between them and the excavation was a matter of inches.

Drake had counted on making a spot where there was a break in the excavation, and where he saw a crossing would be easy, but those rear wheels worried him. His decision was quick. He pulled Sunbeam up short, backed her six or eight feet, and giving her as gentle jab as he could, and a kind "Now, Sunny," man and horse darted up the little slope and tried for the ditch. Sunbeam's heels struck the edge, they slipped, and for a second things looked dangerous. Drake pulled her practically over the crumpling edge. His eye never left the carriage as it went on widening the distance.

Sunbeam made good as she clattered down the hard road. She passed the team by 12 feet, then Drake wheeled

her about quickly, seized the rein of the nigh horse, and held on with an iron grip. The quick turn had not left time for Sunbeam to recover herself; she veered about and struck the useless board that, resting on two barrels, served as a fence. Carriage, horse and man rested a second on the brink, and then the faithful Sunbeam plunged into the ditch.

Drake held on like grim death as he felt Sunbeam pulling from under him. He did not release his hold, and when his horse went over he was dragged off. His head struck the stone-filled barrel, and then, head foremost, he followed his horse into the ditch. The rein slipped through his hand, seared his palm and fingers as he moved along its length. He clenched the end of the leather strip with a desperate, instinctive compress of his fingers as he struck the bottom of the pit, and then he knew no more.

A pair of eyes opened slowly and laboriously, and regarded a number of eager watchers, duly at first, and then perplexedly. Drake Latting's means of communication with the world had been restored.

"Please wait, Miss Varian," said a voice that was at once gentle and firm, "give him just a minute. There now, just a minute. Now—now I think you may"—and Beatrice, unabashed before her father, the doctor and the nurse, bent over and kissed the motionless figure on the bed.

"You dear Drake, you dear, brave boy," and again she kissed him. Even jealous old Peter Varian, long accustomed to holding the center of the stage—at least in his own house—looked on benignly.

"What's the batter, B.? What am I doing here?"

"Now you must leave him to our tender mercies for a few minutes, Miss Varian. Not another word to him for 15 minutes—doctor's orders, you know," and Dr. Stone nodded, with a kindly, omniscient twinkle in his eye.

At the end of the long 15 minutes, after Dr. Stone and the nurse had completed their ministrations, Beatrice came into the room again and seated herself by the bedside.

"Now, Drake, if you can listen, I am going to tell you what is the matter. You almost gave your life for Daddy and me. Just think, the doctors did not know at first whether you were going—to live or not. Oh, Drake, you were splendid!"

"You were in that carriage?"

"Yes, Drake—Daddy and I. Daddy had taken me out to have a long talk with me, and how I did feel! We had a new team, a new brougham, and a new coachman—green as could be. I had insisted on Daddy's changing everything, even our livery, because, somehow, all the old things reminded me of you and the drives we had had together. We can have the drives, but we can never go out with Sunny again, Drake. They had to shoot her."

"Oh, poor, good, old Sunny," said Drake, with the infinite tenderness of feeling that a red-blooded man has for a favorite horse.

"Yes, Drake, she was as brave and fearless as you were. I have been worrying so much about you, dear, that I haven't had time to think of poor Sunny. You do not know that you have been unconscious 48 long hours, but you have only broken an arm and a leg. We thought it was so much worse.

"Oh, Drake, it would have killed me if you had—if it had been as much worse as we feared it might be. I knew there must be lots of hope, although those horrid doctors wouldn't tell me so, for Dr. Stone advised me not to cable your father, mother and Katherine at Rome."

"Drake, you must not attempt to move that arm." She pillow'd her head next to Drake's and told him the whole story of the rescue.

"May I intrude for just a moment?" Peter Varian opened the door and came in.

"My boy, if you can give me your good hand, I should like to shake it, and thank you for your splendid conduct. Er—I wish to say that I have changed my opinion of you. I may have said some unkind things about you after your experience in my office. I gave you a responsible place there to test your mettle and to give you the opportunity to prove your fitness to be the husband of my daughter. We Varians have always admired the rugged qualities of persistence and down-to-midnight industry, and, when you failed us in two or three big matters, frankly, I said you had no backbone. That you have any left now is nothing short of a miracle."

"You might, I think, have to'd us at the office, even if I did say that you were to be treated as every other man with us—treated, that you had not recovered from the blow of the mallet that Dr. Stone tells me you received in polo practice. Er—well, I have another opinion of you now, and you may be glad to hear that I have withdrawn my objection to your marriage with my daughter. Stay here with us in Riverdale until your parents return from abroad."

Peter Varian beamed upon his daughter and left the room.

"Drake, will you forgive me?" asked Beatrice.

"There's nothing to forgive. Your governer's great. Just think I never knew that you and your father were in that outfit. You must have been enjoying the ride."

"I am enjoying the outcome of it. Of course, you silly boy, I have to tell you that I fainted. Daddy had his hands quite full taking care of me. Would you have risked your life, if you had seen that we were in the carriage?" asked Beatrice.

"B.," you are taking an unfair ad-

CHOSE POOR TIME TO JOKE

Street Car "Humorist" Found That He Had Run Against the Wrong Woman.

A young man with a bouquet done up in tissue paper and a line of talk he thought was funny came to grief on a trolley car that runs from New York to Flushing over the Queensborough bridge.

The car was crowded and he hung onto a strap and started to talk to his nearest strap-hanging neighbor. His conversation was interspersed with a few jokes that were considered good when Jo Miller was a babe in arms. Still, he proved they were good by telling them loudly and getting a laugh or two. It encouraged him, and he continued:

"Now, is a man stood in the middle of a bridge that was 200 feet long and was ten feet high, what would his name be?" he asked.

The man next to him gave it up.

"Murphy," was the answer.

"Why Murphy?" inquired the other.

"Because his father's name was Murphy," said the entertainer.

"I don't see that," said the other strap-hanger.

Having got this one past, and noticing that a young woman laughed, he announced he was in favor of woman suffrage.

"I think every woman should vote. Women ought to vote," he said. "She should stop going through our pockets and learn to have some respect for the ballot and leave the money alone that a man gets by voting. Who made woman? God made her, and then he sat down and laughed about it when he saw her."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said a woman of athletic build. And she arose in her seat and smashed his hat down over his eyes. Then she added: "You're a loafer."

Some one opened the door and she pushed him out upon the rear platform, saying:

"If you come in here again with your insulting remarks, I'll see that you are thrown off the car."

Like many others that have been kicked, he failed to come back.

A Good Parry.

Dr. Charles F. Aked, discussing his recent good-natured controversy with Father Bernard Vaughan, smiled and said:

"I have a great respect for Father Vaughan. He is one of those clergymen who never lose their temper. It is of him—is it not?—that the story of the thousand-year indulgence is told.

"What will you reply to this father?" a controversialist demanded. "On my last visit to Rome I saw on a church door a table of indulgences, and in this table a remission of a thousand years of punishment was promised for one lire."

"The controversialist bent forward, believing he had scored a splendid point.

"Yes, father," he repeated, "a thousand years off for a single lire! What do you say to that?"

"What do I say?" the priest cried, gayly. "Why, I say it was dirt cheap. What more would you want for your money?"

She Knew.

Chief Joe Engleman, leader of the Miamis, was talking in Peru, Ind., about his tribe's claim against the government.

"We Miamis will never fall into the same trap twice," said, in the cut-and-dried tones of a university man, the handsome chief. "We know from experience what to expect. We are like the beautiful girl who accepted the hand of her millionaire employer.

"Yes, Clarence," the girl said, patting the millionaire's scant gray hair, "I will marry you, but I have one request to make."

"Name it, my love," said the doting old man.

"Let me select," she replied, "my successor at this desk."

Automobile Lunches.

A man who detests what he calls picnic food—otherwise the cold food usually eaten at luncheon time when motoring—has hit upon a plan by which it is possible to have hot lunches when stranded far from home.

Glass jars are filled with hot soup, coffee, chocolate, or any desired beverage, another contains hot chicken terrapin, lobster newburg, creamed crab, dried beef, or any dish that can be prepared ahead of a meal.

The jars are then put in by the engine of the motor, and when wanted are found to be as hot and delicious as when packed.

Not Progressive.

"I am afraid that revolutionist ideas of statesmanship are very crude," said one South American statesman.

"What's the trouble with him?" rejoined the other.

"He insists on using a shotgun instead of a repeating rifle."

Exhausted.

"Mister Grocer, ma says send her a can o' peas an' a pound o' butter an' five pounds o' sugar an' charge it!"

"Lucy, you run right back and tell your mother we are just out of charge it."

Impoliteness.

"It was very impolite of you to talk so loud at the theater."

"Impolite!" replied Miss Cayenne.

"You ought to have heard what some of the actors were saying!"

GOOD IDEA OF PHENOMENON

Workingman Explains in Characteristic Way His Definition of an Extraordinary Occurrence.

A workman, endeavoring to explain to one of his mates what a phenomenon was, made the following attempt:

"It's like this. Suppose you were to go out into the country and see a field of thistles growing."

"Yes," assented his friend.

"Well, that would not be a phenomenon!"

"No, that's quite clear," agreed the old man.

"But suppose you were to see a lark singing away up in the sky."

"Yes."

"Well, that would not be a phenomenon!"

"No, that also seems clear."

"But imagine there is a bull in the field."

"Yes," his friend could imagine that

"Even that would not be a phenomenon."

"No."

"But now, Bill, look here. Suppose you saw that bull sitting on them thistles whistling like a lark—well, that would be a phenomenon!"

OBJECTIONABLE IN EITHER CASE.



Grace—Why did she break the engagement?

Myrtle—He told her that she was the only girl he had ever kissed.

Grace—What of it?

Myrtle—Why, she naturally reasoned that he was either untruthful or absurdly foolish, and he was hardly worth having in either case.

She Declared.

Mrs. Myles—When she arrived from Europe Miss Fussanfeather failed to declare some of the new clothes she brought over with her.

Mrs. Styles—And did the customs inspectors discover anything?

"Oh, yes."

"And what did she say?"

"She merely said, 'Oh, I declare!'"

—Yonkers Statesman.

The Silver Lining.

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Shortcash, who was reading a letter, "our son has been expelled from college. Isn't it awful?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Shortcash. "Perhaps I can pull through without making an assignment now."

In Olden Days.

Xerxes was in merry mood. You have an extraordinary name," remarked the friend, "but what is in a name, anyway?"

"Well," laughed the ancient man, "there are a couple of X's in my name, and they come in handy these days."

And then Xerxes went out and bought himself an overcoat.

Caution.

"What makes you keep singing when you go into the woods?" said one hunter. "Don't you know it will frighten the deer?"

"Perhaps," replied the other. "But it will also help to prevent my being mistaken for one."—Washington Star.

Autos and Mules High.

Church—Increase in the number of automobiles in New York is not bringing down the price

LAST FROM TOLSTOI

Says War Against Capital Punishment Needs No Forcing.

Final Article Entitled "Effective Means," and Was Written by the Count in Optina Monastery, November 11.

St. Petersburg.—From Vladimir Tscherkoff, literary agent of Count Tolstoi, the last article written by Tolstoi has been received. It is entitled "Effective Means," and was written by Tolstoi in the Optina monastery, November 11, shortly after he began his self-imposed exile from home. The article was given out by M. Tscherkoff at the express wish of Count Tolstoy for dissemination to mankind. It says:

"I am naturally anxious to do all I can against evil, which tortures the best spirits of our time."

"I think the present effective war against capital punishment does not need forcing; there is no need for an expression of indignation against its immorality, cruelty and absurdity—every sincere thinking person, everybody knowing from youth the sixth commandment, needs no explanation of its absurdity and immorality; there is no need for descriptions of the horrors of executions, as they only affect hangmen, so men will more unwillingly become executioners and governments will be obliged to compensate them more dearly for their service."

"Therefore, I think that neither the expression of indignation against the murder of our fellowmen nor the suggestion of its horror is mainly needed, but something totally different."

"As Kantwell says, there are delusions which cannot be disproved and we must communicate to the deluded mind the knowledge which will enlighten and then the delusions will banish by themselves."

"What knowledge need we communicate to the deluded human mind regarding the indispensability, usefulness or justice of capital punishment in order that said delusions may destroy itself?"

REVIVING THE PAPYRUS INDUSTRY



Moved by the warnings of the experts regarding the near approach of a paper famine consequent on the demolition of the world's forests, a number of capitalists have undertaken the resuscitation of the ancient cultivation of the papyrus reed of Egypt and its manufacture into paper. The task was entrusted to J. Smedley Norton, a well-known traveler and explorer, and very satisfactory progress is being made. A plantation near Alexandria has been sown and reaped and the produce shipped to a paper mill in England where it was manufactured into paper of excellent quality which already has been utilized in the printing press with every success. A field of papyrus will yield three crops annually and can furnish, according to the experts, nearly one hundred tons to the acre.

"Such knowledge, in my opinion, is this:

"The knowledge of what is man, what his surrounding world, what his destiny—hence, what man can and must do and principally what he can and must not do.

"Therefore we should oppose capital punishment by inculcating this knowledge to all men, and especially to the hangman's managers and sympathizers who wrongfully think they are maintaining their position, thanks only to capital punishment.

"I know this is not an easy task.

The employers and approvers of hangmen with the instinct of self-preservation feel that this knowledge will make impossible the maintenance

of the position which they occupy, hence not only will they themselves not adopt it, but by all means in their power—by violence, deceit, lies and cruelty—they will try to hide from the people this knowledge, distorting it and exposing its disseminators to all kinds of privations and suffering.

"Therefore if we readily wish to destroy the delusion of capital punishment and if we possess the knowledge which destroys this delusion let us, in spite of all menaces, deprivations and sufferings, teach the people this knowledge, because it is solely the effective means in the fight.

"LEO TOLSTOI,
Optina Monastery, November 11."

developed a large, muscular waist and a large, heavy arm.

"It is not an even training of all the muscles that the women are getting today, but an overdevelopment of some one set which will, in time, make them look more or less deformed.

"Athletic work is making women flat chested, large waisted, smallhipped. This is the figure of a man, and that is one reason why many artists doing work along classical lines find it difficult to secure a model."

Doctor Sargent's views, which brought out Mr. Alexander's are to the effect that the feminine type is fast becoming masculine. The change, Doctor Sargent said, has come in the last twenty years. Women in the savage state, he added, were so like men in form that it was well-nigh impossible to tell them apart. Then, as civilization progressed, their especial feminine characteristics developed. Now the tendency is back to the savage type.

"Up to a certain point this outdoor life and development is excellent. It gives the girl all that women of this country have been distinguished for abroad—a free, easy carriage, and an independence in movement and action that at once inspires confidence in her ability to meet a crisis. But this point has been overstepped and she is becoming anything but interesting.

"Take for instance, a woman who plays golf to the extreme. She has

and their influence on the brain capacity is most marked. In Bradford, England, we are daily giving two meals a day to over 9,000 school children.

"Everything utilized at the nine different dining halls, variously distributed throughout the city, which has a population of 200,000, is prepared in one kitchen, and sent to the different places by wagons.

"The cost is a little more than two cents per head per day, and it is a crime not to supply children, who otherwise would be without it, with nourishing foods to prepare them for their life's work. The children of today are the mainstay of our governments in the future, and it is their right to be given every advantage to make them competent to take up the vast works which we will soon leave off."

The older children in the Bradford are taught to wait upon the smaller children, teaching them table etiquette, etc. According to Miss MacMillan, the proper handling of a knife and fork at table are as much manual training as being able properly to wield an ax.

WOULD MARRY A "REAL MAN"

Yankee Girl Writes Governor of Texas, Stating There Is No Suitable Candidate in Jersey.

Austin, Tex.—"I would like to correspond with a nice young man," writes Miss Lillian Allen of R. F. D. No. 2, Millville, N. J., to Governor Campbell. "I am a northern girl and am unable to find what I call a real man here. I was informed that Texas is a state that has real men, so I have taken the liberty to write."

"I am a music teacher and a graduate of the Millville school. Hoping you will understand this and pass it to some young man who is worthy of its acceptance, I am, yours truly."

Miss Allen is one of the several who have advised the governor recently that they understand "real men" exist in Texas and that they would go to Texas if assured of a home and six-foot protector.

Rhymed Repartee.
New York—"Gobble, gobble," called a young woman from New York who was visiting her grandparents on the old farm and who wanted to cultivate an acquaintance in the barnyard.

"Hoobie, hoobie," retorted the turkey, who was in no mood for light words, and besides didn't like the young woman's skirt.

The hens testified their approval of his remark in the usual way.

COLLAR BUTTON INJURES.

Los Angeles, Cal.—While trying to button a collar on a button that was too large, Thomas Cawley, a boilermaker, exerted himself too violently the other day and broke his collar bone. He was taken to the receiving hospital.

One stipulation the proprietor of this fur-renting establishment always insists upon is that no perfume shall be used on the furs, as she declares

RUINING OUR WOMEN

John W. Alexander Adds His Testimony to Dr. Sargent's.

American Woman's Figure Is Becoming More Masculine in Line Every Day—Outdoor Exercises and Life Blamed.

New York.—If the American woman persists in her undue athletic sports, there will soon be little difference between the masculine and the feminine figure.

So says John W. Alexander, president of the National Academy of Design. In this he agrees with Dr. Dudley Sargent, of Harvard, who said about the same thing. Mr. Alexander, one of America's foremost portrait painters has had ample opportunity to study women of every country and clime. In his home, at 116 West Sixty-fifth street, Mr. Alexander declared that the American woman's figure is becoming more masculine in life every day.

"Just where the beauty of such unnatural development comes in, I don't see," said the painter. "I don't see why any woman should be proud of losing that which constitutes her greatest charm, her womanly bearing and figure. But that is just what the American women of all classes seem determined to do."

In no other country in the world do you see such masculinized figures as the American women have. In France the woman is the personification of grace. In Germany the woman is not so graceful, perhaps, but she has that motherly bearing which gives her a loveliness that is not often found among our women. In England

Meals Will Cost One Cent

Miss Margaret MacMillan, London Sociologist, Tells of Feeding Needy Pupils at Bradford, England.

Chicago.—The beneficial influence derived from furnishing substantial food to the school children of England was demonstrated by Miss Margaret MacMillan, a prominent sociologist of London, who is in America investigating social conditions. Her talk was given before the Woman's City club.

"Education, valuable, of course, in all departments of life," she said, "pays the most in the kitchen. The proper distribution in diet of proteins, glutens, nitrogen, sugars, etc., can only be determined by expert physiologists.

"Take for instance, a woman who plays golf to the extreme. She has

and their influence on the brain capacity is most marked. In Bradford, England, we are daily giving two meals a day to over 9,000 school children.

"Everything utilized at the nine different dining halls, variously distributed throughout the city, which has a population of 200,000, is prepared in one kitchen, and sent to the different places by wagons.

"The cost is a little more than two cents per head per day, and it is a crime not to supply children, who otherwise would be without it, with nourishing foods to prepare them for their life's work. The children of today are the mainstay of our governments in the future, and it is their right to be given every advantage to make them competent to take up the vast works which we will soon leave off."

The older children in the Bradford are taught to wait upon the smaller children, teaching them table etiquette, etc. According to Miss MacMillan, the proper handling of a knife and fork at table are as much manual training as being able properly to wield an ax.

WOULD MARRY A "REAL MAN"

Yankee Girl Writes Governor of Texas, Stating There Is No Suitable Candidate in Jersey.

Austin, Tex.—"I would like to correspond with a nice young man," writes Miss Lillian Allen of R. F. D. No. 2, Millville, N. J., to Governor Campbell. "I am a northern girl and am unable to find what I call a real man here. I was informed that Texas is a state that has real men, so I have taken the liberty to write."

"I am a music teacher and a graduate of the Millville school. Hoping you will understand this and pass it to some young man who is worthy of its acceptance, I am, yours truly."

Miss Allen is one of the several who have advised the governor recently that they understand "real men" exist in Texas and that they would go to Texas if assured of a home and six-foot protector.

Rhymed Repartee.
New York—"Gobble, gobble," called a young woman from New York who was visiting her grandparents on the old farm and who wanted to cultivate an acquaintance in the barnyard.

"Hoobie, hoobie," retorted the turkey, who was in no mood for light words, and besides didn't like the young woman's skirt.

The hens testified their approval of his remark in the usual way.

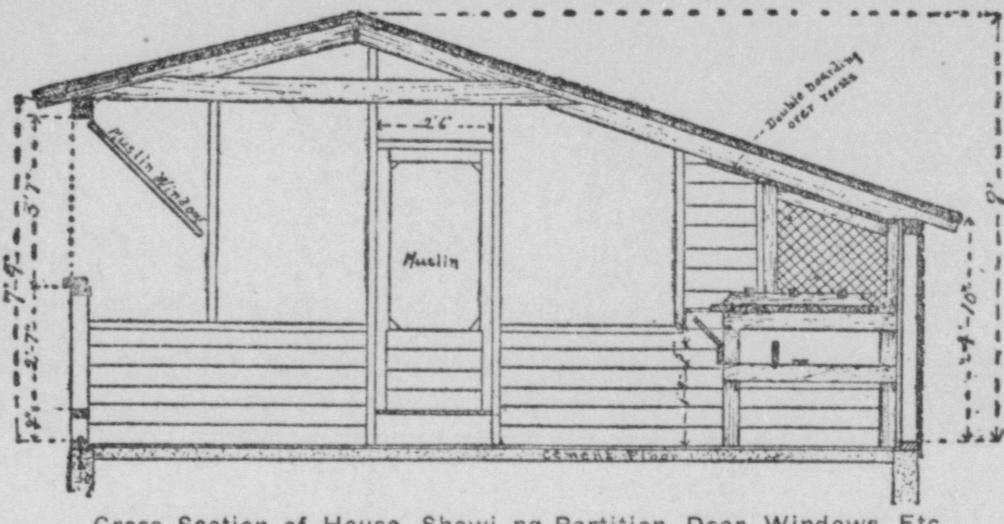
COLLAR BUTTON INJURES.

Los Angeles, Cal.—While trying to button a collar on a button that was too large, Thomas Cawley, a boilermaker, exerted himself too violently the other day and broke his collar bone. He was taken to the receiving hospital.

One stipulation the proprietor of this fur-renting establishment always insists upon is that no perfume shall be used on the furs, as she declares

DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF INEXPENSIVE CHICKEN HOUSE

Building Planned for Farmer or Villager of Moderate Means Who Wishes to Keep One or Two Flocks of Fair Size.



Cross Section of House, Showing Partition, Door, Windows, Etc.

This house is planned for the farmer or villager of moderate means, who wishes to keep one or two fair-sized flocks of fowls. Should a house with a large capacity be desired, the building could be made longer.

The foundation wall is of concrete, 18 inches high. It extends ten inches below the surface of the ground, where it is eight inches thick and eight inches above the ground, where it is six inches thick. In mixing the concrete, one part of cement was used to six parts of sand.

The floor is 18x40 feet, and contains 720 square feet of space, divided into two equal pens. If Leghorns are to be housed, the structure will shelter 180 birds, 90 in a pen, with an allowance of four square feet to each. Of Plymouth rocks 164 may be housed, allowing four and one-half square feet to each.

The studding is seven feet in front and hour and one-half feet in the rear. The roof is of the combination type, rising to a height of nine feet at the peak. Its rafters are of two by six lumber, 15 feet long on the rear and seven feet long on the front slope. Each is tied by a one by four board running from the top of the plate in front to the 14-foot rafter running from peak to rear and high enough not to interfere with the attendants. With the rafters thus tied, supports are not needed in the center. Upon the rafters are laid the roofboards and roofing, in detail the same as in the house of hollow tile described above.

All sides of the building are of No. 1 six-inch drop siding. In each end there is a door, swinging outward, and placed as near the center as possible, thus making it handy to either window, nests or roosts. For the doors, No. 1 D. & M. lumber is used.

The partition between the two pens

is of matched lumber for the first three feet from the floor, and of insulation thence to the ceiling. For five feet from the north wall around the

broody coop it is tightly boarded, to protect the fowls against any possible draught while roosting.

The partition door is hung in the middle, on double-acting hinges and swings either way.

The dropping-boards, roosts and broody coops are located on the north side. They are surrounded by double walls to guard against draughts.

The nests are built in sections of six. The bottoms are of one-inch diamond mesh poultry fencing, and are self-cleaning. The fowls enter from the rear and the eggs are taken out from the front.

WELL-BRED DAIRY COWS

Remarkable Herd Owned by Farmer Near Marblehead, Mass.—Beautiful, Clean, Sleek and Great Milkers.

Mr. Charles R. Adams, who has successfully conducted a farm in Marblehead, Massachusetts, for several years past, has a remarkable herd of cows. They are beautiful cattle, clean and sleek, all of them, and great "milkers," and their quiet and gentle ways show in a remarkable degree what kindness is capable of accomplishing. To Mr. and Mrs. Adams each cow is an individual and has individual traits and an individual name. No stick or stone or loud word has ever vexed their tranquillity and therefore they are almost without fear. Let Mr. Adams or his wife, standing at a considerable distance, speak in moderate tones the names of "Blue Bell," "Speckle," "Daisy," "Blossom," or any other of the herd, and immediately the owner of the name will stop feeding and give quick attention, often at once approaching at the first call.

All sides of the building are of No. 1 six-inch drop siding. In each end there is a door, swinging outward, and placed as near the center as possible, thus making it handy to either window, nests or roosts. For the doors, No. 1 D. & M. lumber is used.

The partition between the two pens

is of matched lumber for the first three feet from the floor, and of insulation thence to the ceiling. For five feet from the north wall around the

Practical Fashions

LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.



5233

This waist offers a compromise between the plain shirt waist and the dressy waist. It is cut on shirt waist lines, inasmuch as it has the closing in front in shirt style, beneath a band and the neck finished with a band for collar or stock. At each shoulder are two ticks, one near the neck, turning forward and one near the arm, turning outward.

The dropping-boards, roosts and broody coops are located on the north side. They are surrounded by double walls to guard against draughts.

The nests are built in sections of six. The bottoms are of one-inch diamond mesh poultry fencing, and are self-cleaning. The fowls enter from the rear and the eggs are taken out from the front.

WELL-BRED DAIRY COWS

Remarkable Herd Owned by Farmer Near Marblehead, Mass.—

Beautiful, Clean, Sleek and Great Milkers.

Mr. Charles R. Adams, who has successfully conducted a farm in Marblehead, Massachusetts, for several years past, has a remarkable herd of cows. They are beautiful cattle, clean and sleek, all of them, and great "milkers," and their quiet and gentle ways show in a remarkable degree what kindness is capable of accomplishing. To Mr. and Mrs. Adams each cow is an individual and has individual traits and an individual name. No stick or stone or loud word has ever vexed their tranquillity and therefore they are almost without fear. Let Mr. Adams or his wife, standing at a considerable distance, speak in moderate tones the names of "Blue Bell," "Speckle," "Daisy," "Blossom," or any other of the herd, and immediately the owner of the name will stop feeding and give quick attention, often at once approaching at the first call.

The pattern (5233) is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3 1/4 yards of 27 inch material or 1 1/2 yards 44 inch.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 5233. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

CHILD'S DRESS.



5289

Indianapolis, Columbus & Southern Traction Company.



In Effect Nov. 14, 1910.

Northbound	Southbound
Cars Lv. Seymour	Cars Ar. Seymour
6:55 a.m. — I	I ROM
x8:10 a.m. — I	G
8:50 a.m. — I	7:53 a.m.
*9:17 a.m. — I	8:53 a.m.
10:00 a.m. — I	*9:10 a.m.
*11:17 a.m. — I	9:53 a.m.
12:00 p.m. — I	*11:53 a.m.
*1:17 p.m. — I	2:25 p.m.
2:00 p.m. — I	*2:10 p.m.
*3:17 p.m. — I	3:53 p.m.
4:00 p.m. — I	*4:10 p.m.
5:00 p.m. — I	4:53 p.m.
*6:17 p.m. — I	*6:10 p.m.
7:00 p.m. — I	6:53 p.m.
*8:15 p.m. — I	7:53 p.m.
9:00 p.m. — I	*8:10 p.m.
10:45 p.m. — G	9:53 p.m.
11:55 p.m. — C	11:38 p.m.

I—Indianapolis. G—Greenwood.

C—Columbus.

*Hoosier Flyers. — Dixie Flyers.

—S. S. S. Indianapolis Limited.

Makes no country stops between Indianapolis and Edinburgh, but makes all stops south of Edinburgh; connects with the B. & O. west, leaving Seymour at 2:03 p.m.

Cars make connections at Seymour with train of the B. & O. R. R. and South. Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.

For rates and full information, see agents and official time table folders in all cars.

General Offices—Columbus, Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUISVILLE TRACTION COMPANY.



In Effect May 10, 1910.

Dixie Flyers leave Seymour for Crothersville, Scottsburg, Sellersburg, Watson Junction, Jeffersonville and Louisville at 9:11, 11:11 a.m. and 2:11, 4:11, 6:11, 8:11 p.m.

Local cars leave Seymour for Louisville and all intermediate points at 6:00, 8:00, 10:00 a.m. 12:00 m., *1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, *9:00, *11:00 p.m.

Freight service daily except Sunday between Seymour, Jeffersonville, Louisville, New Albany and all intermediate points.

Express service given on local passenger cars.

*Runs as far as Scottsburg, only.

For rates and further information, see agents, or official time table folders in all cars.

GENERAL OFFICES,
Scottsburg, Indiana.

Chicago, Terre Haute & Southeastern Railway.

NORTH BOUND.

—Daily—	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6
Lv Seymour	6:40 am	11:40 am	5:00 pm
Lv Bedford	7:58 am	1:00 pm	6:25 pm
Lv El Dorado	9:07 am	2:08 pm	7:34 pm
Lv Elkhart	9:17 am	2:21 pm	7:44 pm
Lv Beechtree	9:33 am	2:35 pm	7:59 pm
Lv Linton	9:48 am	2:48 pm	8:14 pm
Lv Jasonville	10:12 am	3:12 pm	8:38 pm
Ar Tr. Haute	11:05 am	4:05 pm	9:30 pm
No. 25 mixed leaves Westport at 5:00 p.m. arrives at Seymour 6:40 p.m. daily except Sunday.			

SOUTH BOUND.

—Daily—	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
Lv Tr. Haute	6:00 am	11:10 am	5:25 pm
Lv Jasonville	6:54 am	12:04 p.m.	6:29 pm
Lv Linton	7:18 am	12:28 pm	6:53 pm
Lv Beechtree	7:30 am	12:40 pm	7:05 pm
Lv Elkhart	7:45 am	12:55 pm	7:20 pm
Lv Odell	7:55 am	1:05 pm	7:34 pm
Lv Bedford	9:00 am	2:04 pm	8:48 pm
Ar Seymour	10:25 am	3:35 pm	10:00 pm

No. 25 mixed leaves Seymour for Westport at 2:50 p.m., arrives at Westport 4:31 p.m., daily except Sunday.

For time tables and further information, apply to local agent, or

H. P. RADLEY, G. P. & T. A.

Treat Building, Terre Haute

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

Prescriptions A Specialty

GEORGE F. MEYER'S DRUG STORE

"Will Go on Your Bond"

Will write any kind of INSURANCE

Clark B. Davis

LOANS

NOTARY

LEWIS & SWAILS LAWYERS SEYMORE, INDIANA

ANNA E. CARTER NOTARY PUBLIC

Pension Vouchers Filed Out. Office at the Daily REPUBLICAN office, 108 West Second Street.

WE DO PRINTING THAT PLEASES.

CARNEGIE TRUST WAS LONG SHAKY

It Came Near Going Under In Panic of 1907.

GRAND JURY MAY TAKE A HAND

DOUBT DISAPPEARS

No One in Seymour Who Has a Bad Back can Ignore This Double Proof.

Does your back ache? Have you suspected your kidneys? Backache is kidney ache, With it comes dizzy spells, Sleepless nights, tired, dull days, Distressing urinary disorders. Cure the kidneys to cure it all. Doan's Kidney Pills bring quick relief.

Bring thorough, lasting cures. You have read Seymour's proof. Read now the Seymour sequel.

Renewed testimony; tested by time.

Mrs. Henry Moritz, 528 W. Laurel Street, Seymour, Ind., says: "I suffered intensely from lameness across the small of my back and at night I was unable to get my proper rest. The kidney secretions were unnatural and I also had headaches. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I am now free from kidney complaint."

(Statement given in 1906.)

TIME IS THE TEST.

Mrs. Moritz was interviewed on April 14, 1910 and she said: "During the years that have passed since Doan's Kidney Pills cured me, I have had little or no trouble from my kidneys. It is a pleasure to publicly acknowledge the benefit I have received."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Advertised Letters.

The following is a list of letters remaining in the post office at Seymour, Indiana and if not called for within 14 days will be sent to dead letter office.

Ladies

Mrs. Catherine Lewis. Miss Annal Nantz. Miss Anna Nantz. Mrs. John Short.

Men

Mr. Clarence Allen. Mr. Chester Carmody. Mr. Boyd Dickerson. Mr. George C. Hall. Mr. B. B. Robertson. Mr. William Thompson.

EDWARD A. REMY, P. M.

SKIN AND SCALP TROUBLES YIELD TO ZEMO.

A Clean Liquid Preparation for External Use.

A. J. Pellens Drug Store is so confident that ZEMO will rid the skin or scalp of infant or grown person of pimples, blackheads, dandruff, eczema, prickly heat, rashes, hives, ivy or poison or any other form of skin or scalp eruption, that they will give your money back if you are not entirely satisfied with the results obtained from the use of ZEMO.

The first application will give prompt relief and show an improvement and in every instance where used persistently, will destroy the germ life, leaving the skin in a clean, healthy condition.

Let us show you proof of some remarkable cures made by ZEMO and give you at 32 page booklet how to preserve the skin. A. J. Pellens Drug Store.

Sunday School Reports.

	Att.	Col.
Methodist	202	5 42
Baptist	180	4 15
Christian	120	1 90
German M. E.	108	2 13
Presbyterian	61	1 69
Nazarene	56	3 18
St. Paul	50	1 65
Woodstock	61	1 95

Total 838 22 07

Escaped with His Life.

"Twenty-one years ago I faced an awful death," writes H. B. Martin, Port Harrelson, S. C. "Doctors said I had consumption and the dreadful cough I had looked like it sure enough. I tried everything I could hear of for my cough, and was under the treatment of the best doctor in Georgetown, S. C., for a year, but could get no relief. A friend advised me to try Dr. King's New Discovery. I did so and was completely cured. I feel that I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure." It's positively guaranteed for coughs, colds and all bronchial affections. 50¢ and \$1. Trial bottle free at Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Elect Officers.

The members of the Sunday School of the Christian church elected officers for the present year as follows: Superintendent, Noble Moore; assistant superintendent, A. Sciarra; and treasurer, W. H. Reynolds. The other officers will be appointed by the superintendent.

Parson's Poem a Gem.

From Rev. H. Stubenvoll, Allison, Ia., in praise of Dr. King's New Life Pills.

"They're such a health necessity, In every home these pills should be. If other kinds you've tried in vain,

USE DR. KING'S
And be well again." Only 25¢ at Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

MORE POWER FOR BOARD OF HEALTH

Indiana Legislature Will Be Asked to Grant It.

ITS LEGISLATIVE PROGRAM

With the Approval of the Governor, the Indiana Health Board has prepared a Series of Bills Which Will Be Urged Upon the Lawmakers With a View to Creating Better Conditions For Health in Hoosier State.

Indianapolis, Jan. 9.—The Indiana lawmakers entered upon their first full week of activity with the reconvening of the general assembly this afternoon, and there was a general feeling that the legislative machinery would be working smoothly and under a full head of steam with little delay. Chief interest in the afternoon's proceeding centered about the "plunder" committee's announcement of appointments, and many place hunters were made glad.

Speaker Veneman has announced the appointment of Joseph M. Cravens of Madison as chairman of the ways and means committee and floor leader of the majority in the house.

An Ambitious Program.

The state board of health has outlined its legislative program, which includes a weights and measures bill, a bill providing for medical inspection of school children, a cold storage bill, a sanitary schoolhouse bill, a Pasteur institute bill, a bill for the prevention of blindness in new born, and amendments to the pure food law. Practically all the bills have been drafted and approved by Governor Marshall and Dr. J. N. Hurty, secretary of the board.

Children who bathe but infrequently or not at all, will be subject to official notice, as provided in the bill for the medical inspection of school children. The truant officer is empowered, upon the order of the school authorities, to have all children bathed and cleaned, who may need such treatment.

For Better Sanitation.

"The medical inspection bill," said Dr. Hurty, "will, if it passes the general assembly, do more to save the lives of children and reduce the death rate, increase their efficiency and productiveness than any other measure that can be enacted. It is emphatically a measure of economy as well as of humanity."

The sanitary schoolhouse bill sets out specifically what sanitary features will be required in all school buildings to be erected in the future. This bill also probably will be introduced by Senator McCarty.

The cold storage bill has been drafted and approved by Governor Marshall. No one has been selected to introduce the measure in the general assembly. It provides that all products must be tagged when they are placed in cold storage and that the tags must show when the goods enter and when they leave the cold storage. The tags must follow the products until they are consumed. The sale of a product which has been in cold storage longer than nine months is prohibited.

ROBBERS SLUG VICTIM

General Agent of Indianapolis Southern in Serious Condition.

Bloomington, Ind., Jan. 9.—While returning to his garage after an auto drive at 11:30 o'clock at night, Samuel Draper, forty years old, general agent of the Indianapolis Southern railroad, was